

KENTUCKY DERBY PREVIEW

Sports Illustrated

MAY 6, 1963 25 CENTS

CANDY SPOTS (center) BREAKS FROM THE GATE



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engine room ...



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Strata-Bow power design—is used by
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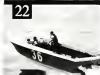
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CHAMPAGNE AND CIGARS are two things Charlie Mills dearly loves. Another is the trotting horse, he has trained and then driven more of them to victory than anybody else.

A BOATING WEEKEND may be a dream or a nightmare—it all depends on how you behave. Seagang Houston Helen Bergh and Artist Roy McKie chart a few shoals and safe channels.

CAMP TRAILERS are ideal for vacationers who want to get away from it all, but how to handle them? In the first of two parts, instructions on the secrets of maneuvering a trailer.

He loves
my Mommy's
Capege!



LANVIN

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Sports Illustrated

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10 QUESTIONS TO ASK YOURSELF BEFORE BUYING A RIDING MOWER

1. Is it safe?

Unique "Safety-Seat" on Toro Red Rider stops the wheels, locks the blade the instant you get off the seat. In fact, it won't start if you're not in neutral. The rotary blade is tucked up inside the cutter housing.

2. Does it do a good job of cutting grass?

Red Rider does. Our engineers designed the rider around the best cutting unit they could build—Toro's famous no-clog "Wind-Tunnel" rotary mower. It's aerodynamically designed to discharge clippings in a spiral air flow. No clumping. Trims within $\frac{1}{8}$ " of trees, shrubs, fences.

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SHOPWALK

The prosy athletic sock takes on a
splash of color and a dash of style

Because sportsmen like to wear "sweat" or crew socks for almost everything, these once-humble garments have traveled a long way from the locker room. For the tender-footed sportsman of the Western world, seldom blessed with feet like Abebe Bikila, the Ethiopian distance runner who, barefoot, won the marathon at the 1960 Rome Olympics, the modern socks provide protection and comfort through a variety of synthetic fibers blended with wool and cotton. Many tennis, golf and bowling socks now feature cushion soles, and they usually combine wool for comfort and softness, cotton for additional absorbency and stretch nylon for sure fit and longer wear. The cushion sole resembles terry cloth and is worn on the inside of the sock to help protect the balls of the feet from soreness and burns.

A color trend

The sweat sock, like the sweat shirt (SI, May 21, 1962), has become a style item. For men the trend in sweat socks (for sports other than track and field or tennis) is brilliant color—the brighter the better. Burlington's sweat socks come in 30 colors. They are made of 75% Orlon acrylic and 25% stretch nylon and cost \$1.50. Custom-made, cable-knit golf socks from Schur's in Palm Beach are being ordered in bright, offbeat colors. Kelly green was recently requested by President Kennedy, pale pink, lavender, purple and teal blue are listed as popular colors this year (75 colors are offered). Schur's socks take about three weeks to knit and cost \$11.50. Supp-hose for men are now available and Keyser-Roth makes these all-nylon socks in knee length in black, navy, cordovan and charcoal gray for \$5.

Women seem to favor the "no-sock" look—shorter socks that barely touch the anklebone. Bonnie Doon's Sunettes are made of 70% wool and 30% stretch nylon. With a cushion sole and small pompons at the back of the sock to keep it from sliding down inside the shoe, they cost \$1.25. Adler makes a cuffless ribbed stretch sock of 75% worsted wool and 25% nylon. A similar version for men is called the Scull sock; it has a cushion sole. Both cost \$1. A bulky sock, quick-drying, is called the Sportlon, made by Interwoven. For close fit on the leg, the top is 90% Orlon and 4% stretch nylon; cost, \$1. For cold weather there are silk sock liners that are worn under wool socks for additional warmth. Becosta imports them from Italy for \$4. This year's new Polar ski sock made of absorbent reversed terry is also being made in white for tennis and summer wear. It is imported from West Germany by Iselin and costs \$2.75.

—JULIE CAMPBELL



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SCORECARD

OUR OWN PETARD

The shock of seeing the U.S. baseball team lose twice to Cuba in the Pan American Games, and the first time by 13-1, led to quick suspicion that the Cuban team was made up of professionals. If so, it need not have been. The fact is that the U.S. never has won in baseball at the Games. Our best amateurs don't make the trap.

John H. Kobs, who twice coached the team, recalls that he had difficulty getting good players even when the 1959 Games were not only in relatively nearby Chicago but in September, a more convenient time of year for college players, who at this season are playing for their own school teams. Few college students can take the time off from their studies in the spring, and others, particularly those who want to show off for professional scouts, prefer to play where the scouts can see them. Players finally chosen were mostly servicemen and graduate students, who were forced to play at the beginning of the U.S. season against Caribbean and Latin American teams that had been practicing together for months.

The selection committee—composed of college and armed service representatives—did everything it could, down to scouting high school prospects, but there seems to be no easy solution to its problems. It's a little embarrassing. After all, we invented the game, didn't we?

PECK'S BAD LUCK

It is not difficult to imagine the bitter disappointment of Gregory Peck, who a mere three months ago bought a stout-hearted gray steeplechaser, Owens Sedge, for £7,000 (\$20,000). Owens Sedge promptly won Ireland's Leopardstown Chase and was a finisher in the Grand National. Last week the gelding killed himself trying to win the Whitbread Gold Cup, his third race for Peck. He almost made victory.

The Grand National (SI, April 8) was won by Ayala, an outsider and chance mount for Pat Buckley, 19-year-old jockey. The Gold Cup was won, as if

fate were playing a very special trick, by Hood Winked, with none other than Pat Buckley up. Owens Sedge was heavily backed, and his supporters' hopes soared as, on the far side for the second circuit of the course, he seemed with each jump a little nearer to victory. Four fences from home he had moved up within a length of Hood Winked.

Then Owens Sedge hit the fourth fence hard and stopped on the other side so suddenly that his rider, Pat Taaffe, thought he had broken a hand leg and pulled him up immediately. Seconds later the gray horse sank to the ground and died. His Irish trainer, Tom Drepper, said sadly that death resulted from a hemorrhage caused, almost certainly, by overjumping.

Another American owner, Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, has his strongly backed Iron Peg in the Epsom Derby on May 29. We wish him better luck.

ADVANTAGE TALBERT

It is no news that Bill Talbert, former Davis Cup captain, and the current officers of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association differ in their opinions on the conduct of amateur tennis. Some of their differences have been aired in this magazine, which Talbert serves as a contributing editor. They have been aired again recently over CBS radio, when USLTA President Edward Turville was granted equal time to return a Talbert serve.

Turville obviously is a much put-upon man these days, since he is under fire from critics both inside and outside his organization, and it is not our present intention to add to his problems. But when he is so injudicious as to say that Bill Talbert has "the worst record of any Davis Cup captain we've ever had," we think, like Al Smith, it's time to look at the record.

Under Talbert, the U.S. reached the Davis Cup Challenge Round in five successive years and won the cup once. Of the captains that have succeeded him, one (Perry Jones) reached the Challenge Round twice and won once; one (Dave Freed) failed twice in two tries to achieve

the Challenge Round; and one (current captain Robert Kelleher) failed even to reach the Interzone Finals.

THE BLUEBIRD OF HUMBLENESS

As long ago as 1895, when, you may remember, we had a nasty cold spring, the bluebird was considered to be doomed. He survived. Now, more than half a century later, he is in trouble again. Not because we have once more had a nasty cold spring in the North but because a complex of suburban, decent groundskeeping and, in sum, people, have been driving him out of house and home. The sparrow and the starling have something to do with it, too. They are underscrubbers and they have ruined his neighborhood.

The bluebird's problem is, essentially, one of housing. Each spring he gets back to his northern nesting grounds to find that interlopers like the sparrow and the starling have taken residence in his hollow tree, woodpecker hole, or whatever. This has been increasingly so over the years and the problem has been intensified by the fact that status-conscious suburbanites have had their gardeners cut



down dead trees and plug up ugly holes. Everything is neat and orderly and not fit to live in.

Now, to the rescue of the bluebird comes the Humble Oil & Refining Company. Its Esso dealers have, as a public-relations gesture, been passing out gifts-of-the-month to regular customers. This month's gift: 1,250,000 birdhouses specially designed for bluebirds, even to entrances 1.5 inches in diameter, which are too small to admit starlings. The entrances are not too small for sparrows



When flavor counts more than price...

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Always smoother because it's slow-distilled and bottled at the peak of perfection

EARLY TIMES



Will the sporty new look last?



This tag says yes!

Sport clothes can lead the active life you do—and still keep their trim new look. When fabric is made with Kodel polyester, it holds a crease, dislikes wrinkles, performs! Think neat—look for the tag! "Double Feature" sports jacket and slacks in Pacific Worsted's blends of 55% Kodel polyester, 45% wool. By **VARSITY-TOWN**

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

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KUFMAN'S, Pittsburgh
DAVID'S, Harrisburg
PENN TRAFFIC, Johnstown
JOHN DAVID, New York — Washington
HENRY'S, Wichita
JIM GREEN, Adrian
HOSIERS, Muskegon
HEAVENWICH'S, Saginaw
HAMILTON'S, Traverse City
WILLMAN'S, Grand Island
COLE'S, Battle Creek
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J. M. MITCHELL, Newark
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L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis
SULLIVAN'S, Bloomington
MEN'S SHOP, Marion
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Varsity-Town Clothes are made by
THE H. A. SHWENHEIMER CO. Cincinnati

SCORECARD (continued)

but, with the ascendancy of the automobile and the decline of the horse, civilization may yet handle the sparrow, too.

TOMFOOLERY

Those who remember Tom Swift (and His Aerial Warship) will recall that his biographer sedulously jotted down not only everything Tom said but how he said it. Tom never did just say something. He either kept his mouth shut or he said it "wittily" or "lathly" or "cheerily" or something like that. Now a couple of San Franciscans named Paul Pease and Bill McDonough have devised a game, suitable for cocktail parties, around this stylistic quirk. They call the game Tom Swifters, and it is most easily explained with a few examples. Thus, from their little book of the same name:

"I'll have another Martini," said Tom dryly.

"I'll see if I can dig it up for you," said Tom gravely.

"What our ball club needs is a man who can hit 60 homers a season," said Tom ruthlessly.

The book is illustrated but you don't have to color it, happily.

A MATTER OF DEFINITION

An adequate definition of perfection is impossible, but every so often one or another of us achieves something like perfection and says to himself that the experience was "perfectly" wonderful or, perhaps, "perfectly" miserable. Consider the cases of Bob Sink of Kansas City and Charles Cummins of Dallas.

On a lovely April morning Sink was torn between golf and fishing. He plumped for golf, mostly because his regular weekend golfing companions were dependent on him. But at the same time he wished he had gone fishing. On the 11th hole he hit an approach shot and followed it across a bridge over a small creek. Looking down, he saw an unintended fishing rod, held down by a couple of rocks. The tip moved ever so slightly. Sink scrambled down onto the bank, seized the rod and hauled out a four-pound bass. He got his par, too, on No. 11.

Cummins, on the other hand, had a bad day of golf and gave it up for a new hobby—boating. With wife and daughter, he took his boat to a launching ramp, backed his trailer into position, then discovered some difficulty with the tilt-pun on the trailer. He hauled the

boat off the ramp and over a large part of Texas before he could find a repairman. By then it was afternoon.

Mrs. Cummins spread out lunch on a picnic table. The wind caught Cummins' plate and flapped it off the table, upside down. So back to the launching ramp. The boat slid smoothly into the water. It began to sink. Cummins had forgotten to put in the drain plugs. It would be necessary to haul the boat out of the water to let it drain. He did so, after some difficulty in getting his car started.

Next time the launching was perfect. With his family in the boat, Cummins hastily parked his car and ran back down to the edge of the lake. The boat had drifted out, and Cummins was soaking wet by the time he got to it. Then he discovered he had left the boat's ignition keys at home. He jumped into the lake and swam ashore, towing the boat behind him.

As Paul Crume, *Dallas Morning News* columnist, said: "Sometimes a weekend has just this kind of perfection."

TENTH-PLACE GLOSSARY

The Houston Colt .45s have at times this spring seemed in danger of becoming the Mets of 1963. There is, in consequence, the usual rumbling in the stands. Don Martinson, Houston advertising man, unhappy with Manager Harry Craft's handling of pitchers, has come up with a glossary of terms for use by Houston fans. It is brief.

Procrastinate—to put off pulling the pitcher when he is in trouble.

Procrastinating—continuing to do the same.

Procrastinated—lost the ball game.

THE MAGIC NUMBER

If you exclude Hawaii and Alaska, there are just about 648 species of birds in the U.S. The ideal of birdwatchers within these political confines has long been to "break 600," which is something on the order of hitting 60 home runs. To see 600 different species of birds within the U.S. is a feat that requires a lifetime of dedication, travel and eyestrain. It has, however, been done—perhaps by as many as a dozen ornithological voyagers, most of them professionals.

Two amateurs, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dudley Ross of Ambler, Pa. when they are at home, last May came upon the blue-faced booby in the Dry Tortugas. He was their 630th bird. The booby was sitting on a buoy and after they watched him for a while he flew away, and they

continued



FLORSHEIM SHOES *start at \$19.95*

Little more in cost than many shoes of lesser quality—the added premium of longer wear makes Florsheim Shoes today, more than ever before, truly America's standard of fine shoe value.

Right: The 11-598, \$19.95, oxford front slip-on black Duke calf upper in box, 11721, in Preflex, 11720.

Left: The 11-598, \$19.95, oxford front slip-on black Duke calf upper in box, 11917, in Preflex, 11016.

Most Florsheim styles \$19.95 to \$24.95

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILL. • MEMBER OF THE SHOE INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SCORECARD *continued*

went back to Ambler. Since then, they have racked up two more species.

Despite their seeming nearness to the magic 648 the Rosses have little hope of the perfect score. Such rarities as the Greenland white-tail, seen in the U.S. once every several years, are not easily come by. "Only," Mr. Ross says pungently, "if you happen to be in the right place at the right time."

"I frankly feel," he says, "that if we averaged one new bird a year for the next five years we would be doing very well indeed, and it may well be that we won't get that many new ones in the next 10 years. The law of diminishing returns has set in with a vengeance."

With this dim prospect, the Rosses have turned their backs on the U.S. and will soon be in migratory passage to Panama, where there are lots of birds.

END OF TRAVESTY

An old political adage holds that the best way to get rid of a silly law is to enforce it. Now, after three weeks of rigid enforcement which resulted in nothing but bumbling confusion, the National League has reverted to the established practice of ignoring baseball's one-second-pause balk rule (SL, April 22). Baseball is as much a game of custom as of rules and, in enforcing this particular rule while the American League clung to its own sensibly vague interpretation, the Nationals were guilty of a very fundamental violation—they were making a travesty of the game, as the rules book puts it.

THEY SAID IT

- John Sudderth, chairman of New Mexico's highway commission, objecting to a suggestion that Interstate Highway 25 be routed past the El Cen High stadium: "Nobody would watch the football field if they could see these crazy drivers."
- Joe Torre, Milwaukee catcher, after rookie Len Gahnelson complained about his hitting: "You're having your sophomore jinx the first year."
- Jim Gentile, slumping Oriole, to his wife Carole, on being aroused by a knock at the door at 12:30 a.m.: "Don't answer it. I'll get it. It might be some kid with a bomb."
- Warren Giles, National League president, when asked what he would have done if, like NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, he had been confronted by player gambling. "I really don't know." **END**

NEW DOT (TWO PATENTS PENDING, ONE GRANTED) THE ONLY BALL IN ALL GOLF THAT IS ELECTRONICALLY TESTED TO DELIVER MAXIMUM

STANDARDS FOR DISTANCE



The new DOT is tested on a Spalding-developed electronic machine (Pat. Pend.) to assure the utmost in sheer, raw distance. In simple truth, distance is the DOT's purpose in life. Every single part of it is dedicated to distance...

NEW ONE-PIECE COVER (Pat. Pend.)—the first and only one ever put on a high-compression ball. Hit it. Hear its clean, satisfying click. Sounds like distance. See its trajectory—aerodynamically pure. The exclusive new Polyunidyne™ one-piece cover surrounds...

NEW VIBRANT WINDINGS—isoprens thread, stretched 9.52 times its original length. This builds a reservoir of energy. It is distance, waiting to be freed. To complete the DOT's vital interior...

A RESILIENT NEW CORE (Pat. No. 2,998,977) of cis-4 polybutadiene. This is the heart of the new DOT. It is one important reason for the DOT's lively feel. It is a reason no DOT ever feels "stony." In short, everything is new and...

EVERYTHING IS TESTED. Beyond the test for maximum distance, Spalding subjects every DOT to further electronic tests for compression, concentricity, weight, size. You cannot buy a dud. Finally, no other ball is so stubbornly white; none can take more punishment. Play the all new DOT: you owe it to your game to take advantage of the only assurance of maximum distance in all golf. This new DOT is designed for and sold only through your golf professional shop.

SPALDING
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CAUGHT STEALING HOME



...with a Keystone. Ralph Kner, 7-time National League Home Run Champ, beams approvingly at his son Scott and another family hero, his new Keystone "Magic Touch" 8 mm Camera.

"Anything can happen when kids play ball," says Ralph, "and fast. To catch it, you need a camera that's quick on the draw... the all-electric Keystone K-14! Just aim, squeeze, and you're shooting like a pro. You never have to wind it, so you never miss a shot. That's mighty important when you want to show a kid what's wrong with his swing...or his base running.

"You zoom in and out of close-ups all the touch of a button, and the automatic Electric Eye gives you perfect exposure, always. One last thing. With the reflex viewfinder, you see exactly what the lens sees. No danger of chopping anyone's head off. See what I mean? You just can't

help taking great movies with Keystone."

Is there an athlete in the house? Catch all the action with a Keystone all-electric Movie Camera. Your choice of 3, starting at less than \$140.

Your movies come to life on a Keystone automatic projector. From less than \$80.



KEYSTONE
KEYSTONE CAMERA CO., INC. BOSTON, MASS.

Sam Snead has winning ways

... not only in golf, but with hat styles. Scan the golfing crowd at the Greenbrier for the best looking summer straw and you'll find Sam wearing it. Sam's brand is Mallory. And his exceptionally good taste in styling is reflected in the entire collection of Mallory straws for summer '63. Choose from the smartest shapes, textures, colors and trim treatments. Not only will you look your best, but you'll be



truly comfortable. For Mallory summer straws are so cool and light in weight you'll hardly know you're wearing one.

Here Sam is wearing the Mallory "Pro", a smart raffia straw with narrow $1\frac{1}{4}$ " brim. Below he's sporting his favorite, the Mallory "Snead". It's a handsome cocoa straw with $1\frac{3}{4}$ " brim. Both hats have a colorful madras band. See them at your Mallory dealer. Only \$5.95 each.

Mallory Hats
FIFTH AVENUE / NEW YORK

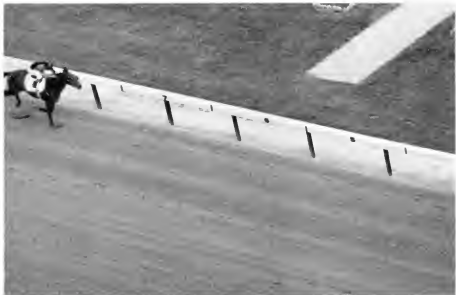




Though he veered to the middle of the track, No Robbery won the Wood Memorial easily. He is likely to set the pace at Churchill Downs.

TWO TAKE DEAD AIM AT

Against little opposition, Never Bend won the Stepping Stone by eight lengths. A fast starter, he will run with the leaders in the Derby pack.



**Sports
Illustrated**

MAY 6, 1962



CANDY

Unbeaten and heavily favored, Candy Spots of California comes to the Kentucky Derby all set to make his owner No. 1 in U.S. racing. But a couple of eastern colts are intent on spoiling the grand design

CONTINUED



A RUNNING MACHINE, A STRANGER TO DEFEAT

by WHITNEY TOWER

Rex Ellsworth's critical battle for leadership of U.S. racing will be won or lost in two minutes Saturday in Kentucky. The taciturn Arizona cowboy, who now calls California home, is out to whip the eastern horses owned by wealthy Jockey Club members with his powerful, oddly spattered chestnut, Candy Spots (*see cover*). Thousands of Westerners, remembering how the cowboy did it before with Swaps, have come to back him with their cheers and bets and to help crowd the infield and the old wooden stands at Louisville's Churchill Downs.

This will be the 89th Kentucky Derby, and Rex Ellsworth's challenge to the famous, tradition-wreathed eastern stables (SI, Feb. 25), is only one of its intriguing facets. It is the personalities and styles of the horses themselves that, finally, make a race interesting to watch—and to bet on. And this year's field combines all the qualities required for exciting competition. There are horses that like to break fast from the gate and then try to stay on top all the way, there are horses that take awhile to get started but can come on strong at the finish; and some of the best jockeys in the sport, with tactical notions of their own, will be handling the field.

As final workouts got under way at the Downs this week, the rival camps plotted strategy in secret and clocked the opposition with curiosity. Nearly everyone else discussed the chances of "the big three," Candy Spots, Never Bend and No Robbery. Not surprisingly, it is easy to come up with a convincing argument that any one of them will win. Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots must be considered the "solid" horse in this Derby field. Big and strong, yet maneuverable, he has the acceleration power so necessary to avoid trouble. He will have been on the grounds just short of a month come Derby Day, and, for the first time all winter or spring, Mesh Tenney has been able to train him exactly as he wants to, and over the track on which he will run. "We've worked the exact schedule I planned since the Florida Derby," says Tenney. "A mile at Gulfstream [on 1:40½] before shipping to Louisville, three works at the Downs [seven-eighths in 1:24½, another mile in 1:37½ and another seven-eighths in 1:23½] and he'll get one more work, probably three-quarters, this week,

making the perfect total of five. I've added a little more mash to his feed, and he's put on a little weight since Florida. He's never looked better or worked better since we first took him to the race-track. If his best race so far was at Arlington last summer, I look for him to turn in an even better one this week."

Why didn't Candy Spots go in the Stepping Stone prep last week? "Well," says Tenney, "the timing of it, eight days before the Derby, didn't suit us, and he was working so well he didn't really need a race anyway. But more important than that, even though Candy Spots has a perfect disposition, I want to expose him to the paddock with a big crowd around him before he makes his first start here. If he had gone in the Stepping Stone on opening day he couldn't have had this experience. With this horse I want to leave nothing to chance."

Never Bend did go in the Stepping Stone and made it a winning race in the very good time of 1:22½ against little opposition. "When [Manuel] Ycaza took him back a bit in his race at Keeneland the other day," said Trainer Stephens, "Never Bend didn't seem very happy about it. So he really needed this race to step him up. Like a lot of Nasrullah's colts, this one must be carefully ridden. You can't get him back in a rut, but on the other hand he has so much lick that you know he's not going to be too far off that pace."

And who's going to be on the pace? Why, Greentree Stable's No Robbery, of course, winner of the Wood Memorial just a week after he turned in the fastest mile (1:34) ever run by a 3-year-old in New York. No Robbery felt like running in the Wood, but he also felt like counting cars and noses from somewhere near the middle of the track at Aqueduct. This week Trainer John Gaver worked No Robbery around two turns with blinkers rather than send him in the one-mile Derby Trial. "This horse doesn't have to go on the lead," says Gaver. "It all depends on the way he wants to run. On the other hand, I wouldn't want to take him back either."

One of the late-developing threats in the field is Darby Dan Farm's Chateaugay, a full brother of the good race mare Primonetta. He has won five of eight starts but had his first stakes victory only

last week when he won the Blue Grass at Keeneland over a field that included none of the big three Derby choices. (The field was further reduced when Outing Class, a stablemate of No Robbery, came down with a cough, which automatically eliminated him from the Derby, too. Trainers of other Derby colts are hoping the coughing doesn't spread.)

Bonjour, owned by pretty Patrice Jacobs and trained by her famous father, Hirsch, was to prove in this week's Derby Trial just how seriously he must be taken. Among the other Derby horses, there is not much to say about those named: On My Honor, Royal Tower, Lemon Twist, Rajah Noor, Gray Pet, Devil It Is and Wild Card.

This should be a fast Derby. It seems certain that No Robbery will take the lead but, if he starts, Gray Pet will do his best to keep No Robbery company for the first mile. Never Bend will not be far away during any of this, for Ycaza cannot afford to wage a rating battle with a colt who wants to run. If Never Bend really wants to get into the fight he will take off after No Robbery, which is exactly what the rest of the field would love to see. "The more they mix in the early pace the merrier," says John Jacobs of the Bonjour camp. "We come from behind, so we'd love it that way."

The team that should love it most of all—and profit most, too—is the team of Candy Spots and Willie Shoemaker. "This horse," says Tenney, "can be positioned anywhere that Shoe wants him. He's got speed but can use it anytime, anywhere. With all that speed in the field I certainly don't think Candy Spots is going to have to worry about taking the lead. But we don't intend to be too far away at any time either. We want to have our speed left, you know, down there where it counts." He pointed across the barn area to the old twin spurs, and his finger came down slowly and settled as steadily as a sniper's rifle squarely on the finish line.

Candy Spots is a wonderfully gifted running machine. He doesn't know what it is to lose. Seven horses among 983 starters before him have gone into their Derbies with the same happy feeling, but only two of the seven, Regret and Morvich, came out still unbeaten. Candy Spots should make it three.

**THE SOFT SELL
BRINGS A
MILLION-DOLLAR
GATE**

"The Kentucky Derby is a showcase of racing, a traditional institution like the Army-Navy game and the World Series. It's the biggest one-day business in American sports, and it's also a promoter's dream. The Derby promotes itself. No track could afford to pay for the advertising that we get free."

The admittedly prejudiced speaker is Wathen Regal Knebelkamp, the 62-year-old, gray-haired, blue-eyed president of Churchill Downs who works 164 days a year to make sure that on the 365th Kentucky Derby will be the only sports topic discussed by Americans throughout the world. "I really don't have the tough promoter's temperament," says this master of the soft sell, who was hired in 1959 to succeed the late Bill Coram. "Actually," he says, "since Colonel Matt Winn died there is no Mr. Derby. Colonel Winn made the Derby, his successor, Bill Coram, kept it before the public, and I don't do much except the best I can."

Knebelkamp, a native Kentuckian and former master distiller for Schenley, is well aware of the constant criticism of his track and Derby week prices in Louisville. "It used to be," he says, "that sports writers called us ramshackle. Now they call us charmingly ramshackle. But we have spent \$1 million on improvements at Churchill Downs in four years." There are now 5,000 hotel and motel rooms available within 12 miles of Louisville, more than double the number listed in 1953. Thus, Knebelkamp believes, signifies the welcome end of that annoying local custom of charging sky-high three-day rental fees for one sleepless night.

Despite the predictability of its traditional presentation, Derby popularity continues to grow. Some 100,000 people (the figure usually given out but never actually counted at the gate) will turn up this week, but 10,000 of them—or about the number who watched the first Derby in 1875—will be working for the other 90,000. Included will be 1,200 pari-mutuel clerks, 1,500 caterers, 1,000 state militia, 800 police, 450 ushers, assorted help on the

backstretch of the racetrack, trainers, jockeys, admissions men, parking attendants and 1,050 members of the press, radio and television corps. (Western Union will file 450,000 words out of Louisville between 5 p.m. and midnight on Derby Day.) Thousands who do not attend will have tried, vainly, to acquire some of the 43,800 reserved seats, 60% of which are already the permanent possession of 2,800 shareholders.

Whether the request is for one \$9.15 seat on a bench on the Grandstand Terrace or for a \$160 box, either Knebelkamp or Resident Manager Lynn Stone answers each letter, turning away politely some odd inquiries. One man from Iowa said that although he was from the North he had always admired the South, and wound up with, "I hate Lincoln. He was a heel." A request arrived with some numbers scribbled atop the page. "This isn't my phone number," wrote the sender. "It's my girl's measurements—to impress you!"

This Saturday while fans bet some \$4 million at Churchill Downs (over \$1.5 million on the Derby itself) the track's gross, including admissions, TV rights, etc., will be around \$1,700,000. Obviously the Derby is the built-in profit guarantee for the 2,123 Churchill Downs stockholders, who can buy at between \$19.50 and \$21 per share, and who have received a dividend of about \$1.30 for the past 15 years. The track operated a total of 41 days in 1962; of its operating income of \$963,244.96, approximately \$675,000 resulted from business during Derby week. Dividends paid out amounted to \$498,279.60, thus, the track that many deride is one of the most successful in the Thoroughbred industry.

"The only disadvantage of the Derby," says Louisville Chamber of Commerce man Dave Humphrey, "is that we can't have two or three of them a year." And, adds Wathen Knebelkamp, a former president of the Chamber himself, "we could use 50,000 more seats, too."

END

Derby Promoter Knebelkamp and 43,800 empty seats at the Downs. He wishes he had more



RUFFLED RACE ACROSS A MIRROR

by ARTHUR ZICH

The tempers of those he left behind were roiled as Odell Lewis (below) won 'the most rugged race in the world' in record time, but the ocean stretching between Miami and Nassau was once again smooth as glass



This year things will be different," cautioned autocratic Race Director Sherman (Red) Criss, as he mailed out entry blanks for the seventh annual Miami-Nassau Ocean Power Boat Race. "A wind of at least 10 miles must be forecast or we don't start." But when the race got under way last week the 184 miles of ocean between Miami and the Bahamas were once again mirror-smooth, just as

they had been last year and the year before. "You could take a high-powered canoe over there today," said one contestant of the race that is promoted as the most rugged test of ocean-going powerboats in the world.

If the sea was as calm as it was the year before, however, the tempers and tongues of most of the assembled boatmen were considerably rougher. Of the few who

seemed content when the announcement came that the race would start regardless of the wind, one was Johnay Bakos, the winner of last year's race, who stood waiting to repeat the feat in a 32-foot Memco powered by two hyped-up 310-hp Mercruiser engines. Bakos knew that his boat could hit an easy 60 mph in a calm, but in a seaway it would lose speed to the slugging power of the cruising

continued



boats for which this ocean race ostensibly was designed.

As the announcement came, the roar of motors tuning up along the Miami docks was matched by the growls of the big boat men who had spent a year pointing their craft for this test. "These engines cost \$25,000 apiece," grumbled Jim Martenhoff, with a glance at his diesel-powered, 40-foot *Allied G.Y.* "We've worked for months to get them ready for rough water."

"This proves conclusively that the race is being held at the wrong time of the year," snapped the usually discreet Dick Bertram, whose deep-V hulls with their runnerlike bottom strakes have drastically changed rough-water powerboating.

Later on in Nassau, Crise tried to defend his decision with bland excuses. "Every place on the island was filled with people waiting for the race," he said, and he painted a sad picture of their disappointment. "If the weather people had said, 'Maybe there'll be a change,' it would have been different, but they didn't. Besides," he added, "I'm a very unusual fellow. I can smell weather when it's going to change. I couldn't smell a thing."

In Miami before the race, however, another very unusual fellow, four-time Miami-Nassau winner Sam Griffith, the elder statesman of powerboat racers whose scarred features are shown at right, bore the disgusted look of a man who could smell quite a lot. Sam has spent 34 of his 53 years collecting scars by coaxing the maximum out of powerful engines on land and on the sea. As an Air Force navigator in World War II he survived a parachute jump over the Atlas Mountains in which the parachute did not open. Now he was at the helm of a souped-up 31-foot Bertram and still hoping for the rough run he had been denied last year. He was as disgusted with Crise's decision to go off in a calm as the others, but when some of the big boat men made as if to quit the race altogether, Sam suggested they all cruise the pond to Nassau just for the ride, then organize their own race back to Miami when the wind picked up.

In the eyes of Promoter Crise, this suggestion amounted to open rebellion. Nevertheless, it served to channel the grumbling for the moment and to keep the fleet together for the start.

As the 52 powerboats, ranging in size from 18 to 43 feet, moved out toward the

starting line some two miles offshore, the water in their wake was the color of a well-churned vanilla milkshake. But ahead of the first boat it stretched out to Nassau like a slick of oil under the dead air. In these conditions, about the only boat given a chance to beat Johnny Bakos' 32-foot *Steradriver* was a sleek 25-foot Bertram powered by two 310-hp MerCruiser engines and driven by a fiery, black-eyed young test driver named Odell Lewis.

Bakos' boat was lying at the south end of the starting line. As the time for the start approached, he pushed his wax earplugs in tight to mute the roaring song of his pipe-organ exhaust pipes. Four boats over, Odell Lewis was revving up. At two minutes after 10 the pace-boat flag went down. A red flare shot into the sky. The starting cannon boomed, and some 22,000 horsepower—the combined total of the fleet—exploded into thundering life.

Instantly Bakos leaped ahead. After 10 miles, content with his lead, he backed off the throttle to rest his engine. Then he looked back. Lewis was closing the gap. Bakos jammed his throttle forward. Slowly the gap opened again, but just before the first check point—at Cat Cay, 40 miles out—Bakos' tachometers told him that his 5,600 rpm had fallen to 5,100. A tiny crack somewhere in the exhaust was throwing soot across his sparkplugs; salty spray aggravated the condition. Two cylinders of one engine had been short-circuited. But, miraculously, the rpm did not fall lower, and Bakos started moving out again.

"I thought at the time, 'Them knuckleheads are playing with us,'" Lewis said later. But, said Mabry Edwards, Bakos' navigator, "We weren't playing. We were praying." At Cat Cay, Bakos swung into the dock to pick up the required Nassau entrance papers and then shot away as Lewis cut his throttle, spun his boat in a tight bank alongside the dock and snatched his own papers. "We hadn't even cleared the dock before we were opened up full again," he said after the race. "There was nothing to do but catch that boat."

At Sylvia Light, the second check point, Lewis was 200 yards behind. The toolbox, the spare propeller, the spare fire extinguisher, the anchor, even Lewis' navigator, Bill Steele—every movable object that would add weight—all were moved aft for ballast. By the next check

point, Northwest Light, Lewis had started to close on Bakos and, going into the harbor at Fruzier's Hog Cay, only 40 miles from the finish, he had narrowed the gap to 200 feet.

"I was churning up inside," Bakos said. "Just wishing to hell the thug'd start firing on all eight."

At the head of the harbor was the check-point buoy, which had to be rounded and, as Bakos went into his turn, he made his only mistake of the race. He came around in a wide, sweeping semicircle. Lewis, riding his wake, cut sharply inside on the turn and gained precious feet. The two boats sped out the narrow, treacherous channel to the sea almost side by side. "We were so close we had to move over to give him water, or he'd have run aground," Lewis said, and smiled grimly. "We gave him some, but not much."

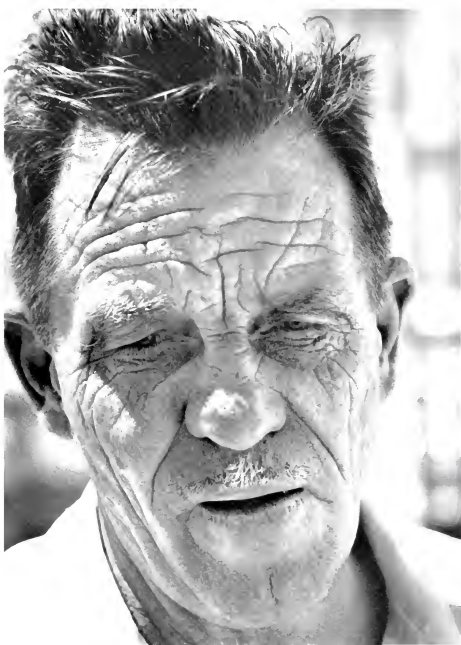
"He didn't give me any," grumped Johnny Bakos.

Well past the harbor mouth, Bakos made his left turn for the run into Nassau. Lewis looked out at a dangerously shallow stretch of water over a coral shelf off Bird Cay. "Can we make it across there?" he shouted to Steele, but the navigator could not hear. Lewis pointed. Steele scanned his charts, then, looking back at Lewis, he nodded. Lewis threw the wheel over hard, cut Bakos' left turn short by 100 yards and skipped into the lead with a grin. "You follow a guy as far as I followed him and then pass him," he said, elated, "and man! that's an achievement." The passed guy never caught up. Just three hours, 20 minutes and 21 seconds after the cannon for the start had fired, Lewis' pink Bertram flashed across the finish line, beating Bakos' record of last year by 22 minutes and beating Bakos himself by a scant minute and 31 seconds.

Characteristically, before the victory in this ocean classic of confusion and contention could be made official, there was a protest, but the race committee threw it out on the grounds that so many rules were broken it would be silly to pick on just one.

As for the rival race back to Miami, it was hastily called off. "We decided," said Sam Griffith, "there had been enough controversy already."

END



YANG OF CHINA IS WORLD'S BEST ATHLETE

A student at UCLA from Formosa, C. K. Yang last Sunday broke Rafer Johnson's old record in the toughest event in all of sport—the decathlon

by TEX MAULE

Never before had so many Americans run, jumped, thrown and vaulted. In the state of California alone, more than 30,000 track and field athletes were entered in high school and college meets. Across the country that number was multiplied at least 10 times over. Many of the best, some 10,000 trackmen in all, competed in the giant relay carnivals that have become the be-all of spring track in the U.S.—the Penn Relays in Philadelphia, the Drake Relays in Des Moines, the Colorado Relays in Boulder and, the fastest-growing of the lot, the Mount San Antonio Relays in Walnut Valley, outside Los Angeles. Three world records were set outright, but a fourth was easily the most impressive, since it came in the decathlon, an event that tests an athlete in not one but 10 different skills. The decathlon record fell on Sunday afternoon and in view of only 600 spectators. Seldom has so dramatic an event been watched by so few.

With two tests still to go, C. K. Yang, the remarkable athlete from Nationalist China who is a senior at UCLA, needed a javelin throw of 212 feet 10½ inches to better the world mark set three years earlier by another UCLA champion, Rafer Johnson. On his first try Yang threw the javelin 224 feet 3 inches. He



Gasping for air, painfully weary Yang is supported by teammates after blazing 400 meters.



gave a little leap, then settled down busily to his second throw. It was 228 feet 4 inches, his third 235 feet 5 inches. The last pushed his point total to 8,876. (The decathlon is scored by a complicated point system which assigns an arbitrary point value to a specific performance in each of the 10 running, jumping and throwing events.) Yang added 245 points in the 1,500 meters, and ended the day at Mount San Antonio with 9,121 points, 438 points better an athlete than his friend and tutor, Johnson. "He is," said Coach Ducky Drake, more in awe than as a point of information, "the finest athlete in the world."

Drake and the 29-year-old Yang, who is married and has a boy aged 2, had come to the relays early. Even though Yang had not trained specifically for the decathlon, both knew he was in the best condition of his life. They were confident that the record could be Yang's as long as nothing went wrong.

But at the beginning almost nothing went right. Three inches of rain fell in the early morning on Friday and it was decided to delay the decathlon a day. Although he is not a temperamental athlete, the wait took the edge off Yang's determination. And the third event on Saturday almost demoralized him.

He had started well enough, with a 10.7 clocking in the 100 meters, about as fast as he ever runs the race. In the broad jump, which has troubled him all year, he feared he would not be at his best—and he wasn't. But his longest leap, 23 feet 6½ inches, was good for 842 points and he was still reasonably close to the schedule of achievement he and Drake had worked out.

Then came the shotput. Yang's first attempt was good for him—45 feet 5½ inches—and his face, more often than not expressionless, lighted when he heard the measurement. But an official had neglected to weigh the shot before Yang used it, and now one of them asked that it be weighed. It proved to be an ounce light. Yang's flat effort was erased and he had to start over with an approved shot. The best he could do was 43 feet 4½ inches; the mistake had cost him over 60 points and it almost cost Drake a foot. During the weighing the shot

slipped and landed on his toe. Sunday he was still limping.

Yang picked up some of the lost points in the high jump, where he cleared 6 feet 3½ inches, equal to his best ever. He picked up more in the 400-meter run, clocking the best time of his career, 47.7 seconds. At the end of the long, hard day, he lay on a rubbing table, grimacing with pain as a trainer massaged his aching muscles. "My hips hurt," he said once. He sat up finally and drank a Coke and moved gingerly.

"We're 51 points ahead of schedule," Drake told him. The news did not seem to penetrate Yang's fog of exhaustion.

A revived and almost buoyant Yang arrived early at Memorial Field Sunday morning for the final five events. In each of his first three tests he set personal records for decathlon performances—14 flat in the 110-meter hurdles, 134 feet 6 inches in the discus and 15 feet 10½ inches in the pole vault. Yang actually tried to clear 16 feet 6¼ inches, which, had he made it, would have been a new world record, but on his second attempt he scraped the bar—just barely—coming down. Even if he had cleared the height, it is not certain that he would have been awarded more points. The decathlon performance tables stop at 15 feet 9¼ inches, which is worth 1,515 points. That, pending a review, is all that Yang has been credited with. Should the judges change their minds, he will be entitled to 60 points more.

After the javelin came the final event, the 1,500 meters, but in the decathlon the thoroughly detested 1,500 is never an anticlimax. Under the rules, an athlete must compete in all 10 events or receive no credit at all. An edgy Ducky Drake announced to the slender crowd that in order to break 9,000 points, Yang would have to run the distance in 5 minutes 5 seconds. Worned and now edgy himself, Yang told Drake he could run slower and still better 9,000. "I will run 5:10," Yang said. As it happened, he was right—Drake either had miscalculated or was fearful that Yang's determination might flag.

It was a groundless fear, Yang is tall, both in body and spirit. His upper body is not heavily muscled but his slightly

continued on page 55

Skill counts more than beauty in athletics, but both qualities are happily combined in the women's U.S. gymnastic team. Its young members, now competing in the Pan American Games in Brazil, also serve as

LITHE ENVOYS TO OUR LATIN NEIGHBORS

Of the 372 American athletes currently competing in the Pan American Games in São Paulo, Brazil, none are more dazzling than the pair of gymnasts on the opposite page, Muriel Davis Grossfeld and her husband Abie. Muriel is as good as she looks, the best woman gymnast in the country, and both she and her husband have been on two U.S. Olympic teams. They have not missed an important competition since their marriage in 1960. A physical education major at Southern Connecticut State College in New Haven, Muriel here is doing an underarm stand, one of the free floor exercises at which she excels. Abie, executing a straddle jump, is an instructor at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn. He is best on the horizontal bars and has been national champion three times.

As the gymnastic competition got under way this week in São Paulo, the U.S. men's and women's teams moved into comfortable leads. Admirers of the sport were particularly gratified by the showing of the women's team, which, collectively, is as young as its members (see following pages) are comely. In first and second place for individual honors after the first day's compulsory exercises were two 18-year-olds, Dale McClements, who lives in Seattle and attends the University of Washington, and Kathy Corrigan of Weymouth, Mass., a student at Springfield College. This was their first try at an international meet. "The women," says George Gulack, chairman of the men's Olympic gymnastic committee, "had always been about three notches behind the men in gymnastics. But two or so years ago they started pulling up. They have progressed so much that I think they are now capable of competing on even terms with the Czechs and the Russians. We never could have said that before."

But the men have been improving rapidly, too, and the almost ecstatic Gulack predicts just as rosy a future for them as for the girls. One reason for the improved performances of U.S. gymnasts, who have not exactly overwhelmed world competition in the past—an individual's all-round finish in 50th or 60th place not so long ago was sometimes considered respectable, if somewhat embarrassing—is the missionizing spirit of such people as the Grossfelds.

"The only time I've taken off in the last 10 years is when I've been sick," Abie says. Both Grossfelds have been prodigal of their time and strength in the cause of the sport, which they feel is not sufficiently appreciated in this country. Gladly, they will drive a long distance to give an exhibition (Muriel having eaten nothing during the day but two pieces of toast) that they hope may kindle the interest of a child who has never had an opportunity to know what real gymnastics is.

Unfortunately, as far as the Pan American Games are concerned, few U.S. athletes had to make that sort of sacrifice in order to win. The games began in a clatter of confusion on April 20 as three volleys of artillery crashed over Pacaembu Stadium, and a squad of jet planes performed stunts before a crowd of 75,000 welcoming the 2,000 athletes from 22 countries. But one thing was perfectly clear. The Yankee colossus, as expected, was going to collect the giant share of first- and second-place medals (each nation was allowed only two entries in the most popular sports, track and swimming). True, the U.S. lost twice to Cuba in baseball, once 13-1, and that was a bit dismaying (the Cubans passed out Havana cigars beforehand). Frank Froehling, a promising U.S. Davis Cupper, was soundly beaten by Mexico's little-known Juan Arrendondo and Darlene Hard lost in the semifinals, as the men's and women's tennis teams floundered. But in other sports, the triumphs came along in abundance. The rowing team won four out of seven events. The wrestling team swept its eight divisions, and the weight lifters won six of seven. The shooting team blasted Cuba off the range—which was some consolation for the setback in baseball. The men's and women's swimming teams won 19 events. And the track teams, competing at only half strength, were nonetheless far too potent for their Pan-American neighbors.

The Latin countries were disappointed but hardly surprised by these disasters. If they were somewhat startled by the great U.S. improvement in gymnastics, they were charmed by the gymnasts. Even the Cubans seemed likely to agree that in this case the Yankees were successfully practicing the politics of attraction.

Photographs by Bob Gurnet







Members of the young U.S. team—average age 20—form a graceful pattern around the Olympic symbol in Pan American Games uniforms. The girls competed as individuals in São Paulo. Doing their free floor exercises and graceful warmup stretches are (from left) Kathleen Corrigan, Weymouth, Mass.; Muriel Davis Grossfeld, New Haven, Conn.; Dale McClements, Seattle; Doris Fuchs, Rochester; Avis Andrea Tieber, Dallas; Janice Landry, Port Allen, La.; and Marie Walther, Cleveland.



Stunning but steady, Marie Walther executes a precarious arabesque on a beam $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide. Only 18 but already in her second international competition—she was a member of the U.S. team last year at the Prague world championships—Miss Walther is one of several women who have fanned American hopes for the future.



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A THIRD OF THE NATION'S GOVERNORS ARE GETTING



PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS

Senate leaders proposing 42 more racing days; governor leaning toward increase in state cut at fair meetings.



BROWN, CALIFORNIA

Pending bill, favored by governor, adds 51 racing days; another given under threat in admissions and concessions.



HOFF, VERMONT

Pari-mutuel betting okayed this year, first time in state history; 18% take (8% in state) is highest in country.



KING, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bill authorizing sweepstakes on two races each season has passed legislature, would net extra \$4 million to state.



JAMES, MARYLAND

Season increased 36 days at major tracks (Bowie, Laurel, Pimlico), 24 days at Hagerstown, Timonium, Marlboro.



ROCKEFELLER, NEW YORK

Season extended from Nov. 30 to Dec. 7, totals 323 days; Belmont-to-Aqueduct move adds \$3 million for state.



FANNIN, ARIZONA

Fifteen-day increase at Turf Paradise track brings season to 210; governor is in favor of general racing expansion.



SMYLIE, IDAHO

Legislature passed bill to legalize mutuels (for the south time), overrode governor's veto; racing possible this fall.

The complex subject of the relationship between our states and racing, rarely discussed openly, is analyzed authoritatively by Dr. Albert Hammond, professor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Hammond, horseplayer and scholar, concludes that in 1963 the \$2-bettor is being taxed beyond all reason and mercy

THE INTOLERABLE SQUEEZE

by DR. ALBERT HAMMOND

Every time the horses ran around the track in the U.S. last year the states collected \$6,030,47. Since there were 35,210 Thoroughbred races, somebody obviously paid the states a good deal of money. That somebody was the racegoers, and they paid a total of \$212,332,856. This year, being racegoers, they most assuredly will pay still more. Each year for decades now the racegoers have been paying more to bet on the horses, and if it were not for their pertinacity,

courage, blindness, addiction or folly the sport would have been strangled long ago by the nightmarish complexities of racetrack taxation.

Today the total takeout is one-sixth of what is bet on every race, and if racegoers were economists—they aren't—they would become aware of the most discouraging tax perspective faced by any investors. Broadly speaking, the frequent bettor may in fact be paying a sales tax of 100%. It is like buying a

car and then giving the car to the state.

The total take from pari-mutuel betting runs from 12% to a widely standard 15% in New York, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas and elsewhere. To the take is usually added breakage to the dime. This means that the fractions determined by the odds which are under 10¢ are added to the take. Breakage to the dime adds a little less than 2% to the take—between 1¼% and 1½%. Thus the official take in Maryland is 13% (increased last year

MORE MONEY FROM TAXING HORSE RACING THIS YEAR



HUGHES, NEW JERSEY

Pending bills will add 20 racing days, raise the total take from 13% to 14% and increase track admissions 50%.



BRYANT, FLORIDA

Plan is to increase breakage from 5¢ to 10¢, two tracks permitted some 10-race days, one allowed quintuple betting.



HATFIELD, OREGON

Pending legislation changes breakage from 5¢ to 10¢, increasing take by 1/2%, and allowing money to state.



ROMNEY, MICHIGAN

Dates increased from 138 to 144 this year, daily races up from eight to nine, total take raised from 31% to 35%.



LOVE, COLORADO

Bill just signed by governor adds 10 racing days at Centennial, may lead to six-day instead of five-day race week.



MORRISON, NEBRASKA

Bill increasing state cut from 2% to 3% becomes effective last week; four more days of racing authorized earlier.



BARRON, WEST VIRGINIA

Increase of 20 days brings racing schedule to 404, longest in nation planned 1%; cut in state's take decreased to 1/2%.



CAMPBELL, NEW MEXICO

Dates increased from 179 to 195, 10¢ tax on track purses defeated; talk but no action yet on raising state take.

from 12%) but, with breakage, it is really about 15%. The 15% take in New York and Florida comes to about 17% with breakage. Over the country as a whole the total take can be safely estimated at about 16%.

As simple barter this may not seem too bad. One-sixth of the total is taken by the "house," and the bettor is left with five-sixths. But there is a peculiar factor involved in the take at the racetrack. Taxes in general are not paid in kind: a man buying an automobile does not pay the sales tax on it by turning over to the tax collector a part of an automobile, but rather pays in money the tax that has been levied. The take at the track, however, is money paid out of a money pool. Suppose a sales tax were paid on a similar basis. You buy a bag of beans; you throw a handful in the tax barrel. This could be done—it has been done—but the tax collector is soon warned that there is a limit to how many of the cus-

tomers' beans he can take. One hundred per cent is the last limit. The buyer of an automobile may be willing to pay a tax of several times the value of the car *in money*—this, too, has been done, in South American countries—if his only alternative is to do without. But if he must put back in the barrel the very car he buys, he is not likely to go car shopping.

What is really being taxed at the racetrack—what the taxpayer buys that makes him willing to subject himself to the tax rather than not play the races—is not so clear. But, centrally, it is the gamble itself, the hope of winning. The totalizer that adds up all the money paid by the race players at the sellers' windows and computes the totals on which the take is paid cannot take more than all that is put in at the sellers' windows; it may, however, be shaving off more than what the buyer supposes himself to be buying. Is the amount of money put in at the mutual window

also the amount being bought? It may be considered so, except for the 16% take, which in itself may not seem excessive: one-sixth of the bettor's beans go back in the barrel, and he is left with five-sixths. But nothing is clearer than that the race player does not get beans every time he buys. Normally, he goes to the sellers' windows four times to buy his tickets for every time that he goes to the cashiers' windows to collect his winnings. It may be said that he pays the cut only when he wins, and that he pays it out of winnings. True, but he puts up his money the other times. Whether he winds up with any beans to take home will depend on whether he can win often enough, or steeply enough, to be able to take only five-sixths of the beans he has paid for—84 cents on the dollar—when he does get anything back.

At the track this means that he must be 16% luckier than the average to break even. And thus, while on any one race

continued

he wins from the other winners (who get that much less than they would have got if he had not joined them), in the upshot the whole group of winners wins from the whole group of losers.

That is gambling, and it is fair enough. Our problem is the 16% that the losers lose and the winners do not win. More accurately, it is the 16% that is distributed over the increased losses of the losers and the decreased winnings of the winners. The take is not precisely 16% of the amount that the players have with them when they go to the tracks. It is a function of the play. Some few keep most of their money in their pockets, because they have so much or hazard so little. Some keep it there because they had early and play all through "on their money." Some dutifully proceed to lose what they have without a break. But more bet some of their money, or much of it, over and over. So the amount the tote subtracts from the money a player sends into it is normally more than the percentage cut of the amount which that player had in his pocket to start with. Sometimes the amount that the tote subtracts will be more than all the money he brought with him to the track. Can he be said to have lost more than he had? That may depend on a decision as to meanings, at any rate, he has lost, out of the amount he would have had if there had not been any cut, a sum greater than the sum he brought into the enterprise.

As long as the cut does not reach 100% of the pool, it is true, the better can hope to win something on some one bet. He can hope to win on two or three in a period. But the hope grows geometrically dimmer and less excusable after the cut overwhelms one's rational hope of being better than the game. And, of course, it will be said that any cut, no matter how small, makes it irrational to hope to break even for long. I think this is not so. It would mathematically be so in a purely mechanical and accurate game—say, honest roulette. But in any case a man who likes to gamble is willing to take a little the worst of it in order to bet. The best gambling houses take from the roulette table the Monte Carlo cut, or one part in 37. Consider: you can bet \$1 on each of 185 spins of the seductive wheel and, at a perfectly even break, pay only \$5 for the privilege. And you may win handsomely. But if you played roulette with the same cut that the states enforce at our tracks, the same run of the

wheel would cost you from \$26 to \$31. Walking up to such a wheel would make one feel as abashed as walking up to a one-armed bandit that you know may be taking anywhere from one to two parts in three. And this is how I sometimes feel now in walking up to a mutual window.

To some this is all to the good. Some favor an increase in the take because they want the tax to discourage, inhibit, penalize betting. And a high take does inhibit—though with surprising slowness. Some players assuredly go broke, many often. It has seemed strange to me that, profitable as any state makes it for itself whenever it raises the mutual cut, it makes it far more profitable for all the illegal realm of bookmakers. For the take is paid in one way or another by every better, at the track or away from it, insofar as the track payoff governs, as it does almost universally. The bettors away from the track may pay more by getting less (as with a 20-to-1 limit, for example), but they pay the full house take to their bookmakers. The opponent of the races who advocates a high take and who bases his opposition on the array of tattered wives and starving children (or neglected husbands) seems to be trusting overmuch to the prudential calculation of the gambler. Or he may be saying that it is well if the gambler goes broke more quickly—maybe he will get a job.

But the opponent of racing who wants a higher take in order to discourage racing is only one of many working to increase the take. Insofar as he succeeds he clearly works against the majority, for what they want is revenue—more and longer meetings, more racing days, more races on each card, more betting, as well as a higher cut. In this the legislator who wants revenue for the state is joined by the tracks, with their need to pay for the game they present, their wish to do so competently and therefore luxuriously and their desire for profits—though there are some nonprofit tracks, like Keeneland in Lexington, Ky. and Delaware Park. In their intention to get revenue, the legislators are also spurred by an increasingly potent group, the horsemen, who want income from mutual play through the track's increased purses. Last year the Maryland bill increasing the take to 13% allocated 5% to the state and 7½% to the tracks, with 4% of this allocated for purses and one-half of 1% allocated to Maryland-bred

Fund races. As a rule, however, the larger part of the increased take has gone to state revenue.

Racegoers may well be the most put-upon and the least represented of groups. Last winter a good race writer, discussing a proposal for the conduct of racing and an increased take, said that "for once all parties concerned" were in favor. He listed the parties, and nowhere was there a mention of the most numerous—and financially most indispensable—party: those whose dollars keep the totalizer flickering. The Jockey Club and tracks, stockholders, management, state commissions and their association, officials, horse owners and trainers, riders, jockeys' agents, veterinarians, farmers, neutered clerks, stable help, concessionaires, cooks, waiters, janitors, charwomen—all these sometimes speak and sometimes act in their own interest. But not the vast, miscellaneous, disorganized racegoers—33,073,712 last year—on whose patronage the well-being of the others depends.

The other aspect of this is that if the racegoers seem to be the most put-upon, one often must feel they bring it on themselves. When Edward Riley Bradley—master of Idle Hour Farm in Kentucky and owner of a Florida casino and four Kentucky Derby winners—bought the old Fair Grounds in New Orleans, he built a small but beautiful track, reduced the take and said he believed a track in New Orleans could break even on a 2½% take if the people supported it. They did not. It was Colonel Bradley who answered an opening U.S. Senate committee inquiry as to his occupation with, "I am a gambler." His track in New Orleans had the first glass-enclosed stand I knew, the only one that was rolled open in good weather and always, good weather or bad, when a race was being run. My recollection is that he reduced the take of the mutual pool to 4½% and talked confidently of reducing it even more. His statement that a New Orleans track could break even (all he asked) on 2½% was no plea for nonbetters to bet, or bettors to bet more. Everyone who knew New Orleans knew that it was an invitation for downtown bettors to come out Esplanade Avenue and bet at the track. But the good New Orleans race lovers went right on making their bets on Royal and Iberville and Claiborne streets, even when—as they often did—they went to the track. Every day in the streetcar or the taxi I would hear, "I took 8 to 5," or, "I got

continued

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2 to 1 on Justice F." A few \$2 bettors, a few hedgers and tourists would go to the mutual windows. But the majority—the potential income-producers and take-reducers—were happy with their pool-rooms in town and had a horror of not knowing the exact odds they would get when they placed a bet. So Colonel Bradley went to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, then 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, then 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ %—and sold out.

The incident is generally typical of the story of the mutuels. There is still many times as much bet away from the tracks as at the tracks—with illegal book-makers, who today incidentally give bettors a much less favorable deal than in the old New Orleans days. Now the revenue hunger of the state legislatures does not feed on the bet-downtown crowd that frustrated Bradley. It feeds on a growing and constantly changing lot of occasional or fluid-money bettors and, more particularly, on their insistence on betting without ever a thought of the cut being taken from them. I used to say that increase in the take would soon reduce the volume of play, not only because of a prudent rebellion of circum-spect horseplayers, but because the others would soon go broke. I have learned to go from my first extreme statement to the other extreme and say that if the take were raised to 99%, the crowd would still be there, lined up at the sellers' windows.

But it would, obviously, be a crowd that was constantly turning over. There is even now a difference in the crowds at the track from what they were before the racing boom began—a difference exaggerated in oldtimers' eyes but certainly there. There are now immensely more occasional and holiday racegoers. There is today an immensely wider class of persons with money or without the old thrifty fear of the future. There is a decline in the proportion of those who are recognizable as regulars. The off-day crowd now is like the Saturday crowd in the '20s.

In the early days of the mutuels, the tracks fought each advance in the take. I recall one February when The Maryland Jockey Club told the Maryland General Assembly that it would not open its track in Pimlico if the additional take were voted. I first heard the theme: "It is the winner who pays, and he will not object to taking 20% less on a \$10 win-

continued

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BETTING continued

ning ticket" from a great economist, Jacob Hollander, of The Johns Hopkins University, who wrote essentially these words in an advisory report to the Maryland General Assembly on a proposed increase in the take from 5% to 7%. It was then a more common delusion among people who were not regular horseplayers than it is now. It overlooks the fact that the player also puts up his money when he doesn't win, and the take is subtracted from the entire pool. I remember arguing (though not with Dr. Hollander) that the same reasoning applied to a method of paying his university salary would result in a substantial decrease in his yearly earnings. Let it be supposed that a man receives a salary of \$10,000 a year, more or less, from the university for rolling dice. Each time he rolls the dice he puts up \$10 of his own money. Each time he rolls a 7 the university pays him 7 to 1, or \$70. On the average, he wins once in each six rolls. He has put up \$60, has been paid \$70 and has netted \$10. He rolls the dice 6,000 times each academic year, and thus makes his \$10,000. But what happens if there is a 16% cut of the money from which his winnings are paid? Each time the professor rolls a 7 he receives only \$58.80. If he rolls the dice 6,000 times during the year, as he has in the past, he still puts up his \$60,000. But he receives only \$58,800 in return. His \$10,000 salary has disappeared. Instead of income, he now has a deficit of \$1,200.

Maryland's take was then 5% with breakage to the nickel, so the results would not have been quite so disastrous. However, it would have resulted in a reduction of Professor Hollander's assumed \$10,000 salary to about \$6,000. If the take of the state were increased to the 7%, which he proposed (and which was enacted) his presumed salary would have been reduced from \$10,000 to \$4,600 annually. Each 1% as added would have brought the salary down another \$700. At the 17% take which is in force in some states today he would be paying \$1,900 each year for the privilege of teaching. Yet he would still be paying only when he won, and he would be paying with just a part of his (immediate) winnings. As Professor Hollander himself had written, would he object?

The figures, of course, can vary, but the lesson remains. In point of fact, the

17% take that is now accepted was almost unthinkable then. It would be unfair to suppose that responsibility for increasing the take rests with the state racing commissions—it would be blindly unfair not to give them credit for a job well done. The horsemen say we need better horses, which means bigger purses, which means a higher cut—for them. The tracks now say that in order to meet the competition of other sports, or of tracks in other states, we need more escalators and gluss and television at the track, which means a higher cut—and then they dodge the issue by running in winter, when there is no competition. The books and the big bettors opposed the mutuels in the early days, until the clear advantage to the tracks and the horsemen and, above all, to the state, won out. As the legislatures found a source of easy money, the competition between racing states increased. California legalized the pari-mutuels in 1933. Over the next five years the total revenue to the states from racing jumped about five million dollars to \$9.5 million. With the New York legislation in 1939, followed by Illinois and New Jersey in 1941, the totals increased sharply. The New York legislation was expected to return \$10 million in revenue a year to the state; it actually brought in about \$5 million the first year. However, the addition of pari-mutuel betting in Illinois and New Jersey raised the total to all the states from \$10.3 million in 1939 to \$22 million three years later.

In all this rapidly expanding enterprise, no one attempted to increase patronage by advertising a low cut. When pari-mutuel racing was legalized in other states, a natural competitive weapon might well have been to boast to the businesslike bettor of the lower cost of racing at the old established tracks. I personally would have been willing to pay a bit more travel cost—a fixed item in the expense of play—to cut down on the mutual cost. But nothing of the sort was tried or even argued. The take was treated as the most classified of secrets, anything was better than disclosure of the secret, even when it was favorable to oneself. Today the secrecy tradition has weakened, but there is nevertheless no suggestion that financially hard-pressed states reduce the take and advertise it. Some luxury establishments advertise their high prices as a quality or a status appeal. The races will

not even do that. Talk of the take is just scandalous.

After the war the revenue to the states from racing increased in 1946 to \$87 million (up \$18 million in one year and up \$79 million in a decade), but there was, nevertheless, no impulse to meet changing conditions by reducing the take. The prevailing belief (except among dwindling groups of regular race players) was that the take was a painless form of taxation, since it was paid only out of winnings. An illustration of the fallacy of the "you only pay out of winnings" thesis was the official—and to most of us fantastic—rule of the Internal Revenue Service that was in force until recently. One was told to pay income tax on every winning and deduct no losses. I figured after one Maryland spring—I started without a whole lot, finished about the same but had a vigorous campaign—that I owed an income tax for those afternoons at the track of some \$1,400, which was more than I had had before, after, or at any time during the season. We used to say that the tax was impossible, that it could not be collected,

that it would wipe us all out and still not be paid. We said it honestly, and in a sense truthfully: it could not be collected by return. But it could be collected by withholding. And that is precisely how the present mutual cut is collected.

By 1954 (when the states' take from the pari-mutuel pools came to \$143 million) the Federal Government came into the picture more prominently. A Senate bill to tax wagering and the business of accepting wagers, comparable to the state taxation of pari-mutuel pools, had earlier brought about a bitter and extended debate. The Kefauver amendment disallowed deductions "for any expense paid or incurred in or as a result of illegal wagering." It was defeated, the burden of the attacks upon it being that it substituted a punitive measure for a revenue bill, since it was presented as a deterrent to gambling. The late Senator George led a forceful campaign against the Senate bill: he said it was unconstitutional to deny deductions against the income of someone who had been engaged in

a wagering enterprise, and the income tax is a tax on net income, and if a taxpayer's losses exceed his gains, there is nothing to tax. The federal tax regulations do provide that "losses sustained during the taxable year on wagering transactions shall be allowed as a deduction but only to the extent of the gains during the taxable year for such transactions." And how can you prove your losses?

In the early days of the pari-mutuels, when the tracks resisted legislation to increase the take, they had, let us say, a lingering sense of justice and of siding with their patrons. There was also the fear of diminishing returns. As the states learned to cut the tracks in on the returns from the increased take and as the horsemen learned that they shared at least indirectly (and now directly), they all learned by trial that bettors still bet. All were attracted by the huddleness of the cut. A diligent bettor could always figure that out from the randomness of prices—book or mutual prices—in the charts. But it required a little mathematics and industry. Not one racegoer in a thousand, I suspect, ever did it.

continued

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BETTING *continued*

Today some of the racing papers print the basic take from the mutuels, and its division between state and track, over each day's chart from each track. This seemingly minor change constitutes one of the major improvements in racing in my time.

The general newspapers, too, are less silent than they were. When I first went to work as a copyreader on the *Baltimore Sun* in 1942 the secrecy was pretty solid. Even in stories about legislative moves to raise the take, there was a simple avoidance of specifying what the take had been or would be. I don't think this was a matter of explicit direction, but of tradition: the take just wasn't discussed. When a story that concerned the take came to me to handle I made it a habit to find out (not always easy) and write in the actual percentages and amounts and the proposed changes. I rather expected some sort of protest, but I never heard any. And if my zeal had any effect it was not the one I intended. It soon became apparent that racegoers and race bettors were not stopped by the actual extortion of the take, or by being told about it. By 1956 the revenue to the states had jumped to \$164 million. By 1960 it was \$175 million, and by 1961 almost \$199 million. Last year, in one of the biggest increases since the \$18 million jump after the war, the revenue to the states from racing came to more than \$212 million, nearly doubling in 10 years and increasing astronomically from the \$6 million revenue of 30 years ago.

There were 3,769 days of Thoroughbred racing in the U.S. last year, with 33,073,712 admissions to the track, and those persons bet a total of \$2,624,519,259. It can be calculated that the average bettor bet \$79.35, of which about \$12.70 was abstracted in the mutual room. We will ignore clubhouse admissions and the taxes thereon as well as the sums spent for food, drink and services—considering these as voluntary extras spent for luxuries and therefore avoidable—and consider the racegoer as able to get by on \$2 admission and tax. The average basic cost is therefore \$14.70, or the \$12.70 mutual take plus the \$2 fee. In New York last year there were 296 racing days (an increase of 75 from the year before), with 6,344,286 attendance and a total bet of \$596,914,520. The average

continued



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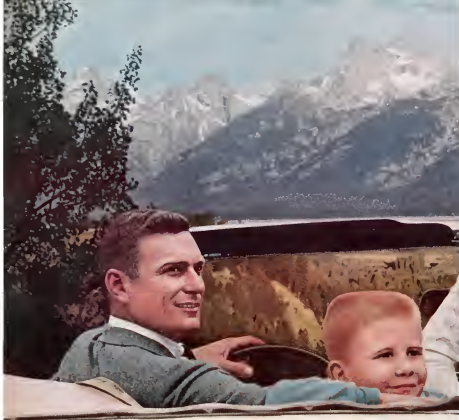
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New York bettor bet \$94.09 each day, and his basic cost was likewise above the national average: \$18. The state also received a larger share of the take: about \$60 million, to some \$30 million for the tracks. The state-track split varies from one extreme in New York (10% to the state and 5% to the track) to the opposite in Kentucky (4% for the state and 10% for the track). Primarily this merely means there is more play in New York, and the track can get along with a smaller percentage of it. It also illustrates a sort of Malthusian law, according to which the need and rapacity of the track is arithmetic, of the state geometric.

Now, if everything that the racegoer pays to the track be considered the legitimate cost and fair profit of the game he is enjoying, and everything that he pays to the state be considered apart from that, the race player is paying what amounts to a sales tax of 100%. He is in fact paying what we have said in our earlier illustration was the last limit of a sales tax, when he puts back into the barrel all the beans that he buys. And he may well wonder whether the hiddenness of the operation whereby his contribution is abstracted does not make the institution he supports somewhat extravagant. Steel, glass, escalators, acres of parking and lobbyists come high.

At first the states, then the tracks, and now the horsemen have learned they could not only be cut in on the take, but could be allotted more of that bonanza of hidden extortion from undiscourageable bettors. Certainly it is the cumulative cupidity of the state that is primarily to blame. But one wonders sometimes if all those concerned are not forgetful of simple mercy—if not justice—to the fellow who pays the bills. A motorist would not be quiet if he were asked to pay twice the cost of his car in order to get it. But he would at least have his car. The racegoer who pays the present cut in order to take a chance on winning is almost at the point of paying double for what has become a chance to lose but not to win. In any event, it appears to be time for the victims themselves to reflect, retract, resist—or perhaps find some means of avoidance. As a beginning, every track should be required to put prominently on its program a full and clear schedule of all cuts and fees and taxes, and who gets how much of each. **END**



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A tie for the top and a tribute to Bonnie

Two sportswear designers, Ellen Brooke and Rudi Gernreich, share the 1963 Sporting Look Award, and Bonnie Cashin returns—now as Designer of the Year

The hostess at the right and the hostess at the left pose a question: Which one has the moxie? Is it better to go way out in 1930-ish hostess pajamas (*right*), cut with dramatic simplicity by California's Rudi Gernreich, or should one be decorously cool in the ladylike separates (*left*) tailored in an elegant linen print by New York's Ellen Brooke?

This pleasant dilemma was reflected in the voting for the 1963 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Design Awards. The 500 fashion authorities who cast ballots gave Ellen Brooke and Rudi Gernreich an equal number of votes, making them joint winners of the Sporting Look Award ("more than 10 years' continuous, outstanding contribution to the American sporting look").

There was less uncertainty among the voters when they turned to selection of the Designer of the Year. They chose Bonnie Cashin, well-known for her country clothes of leather and tweed. Miss Cashin is the first winner of the senior Sporting Look Award (1958) to be honored in the other category. (Rudi Gernreich also is a repeater—he won the Designer of the Year award in 1956, the first year of the competition.) The winners will receive their awards on June 10 at an outdoor sports festival in New York that will benefit the United States Olympic Fund.

As individual as they are, all three designers share a point of view about American clothes: they must be simple, and they must move. Each of the three has been

continued

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. R.

Ellen Brooke's evening sportswear is timeless, easy to wear. Her dinner suit (*left*) would be at home anywhere in the world. Rudi Gernreich's flared pajamas (*right*) demanded drama from the wearer.





a dancer, or has wanted to be, and each has developed clothes that move freely, contributing to an overall concept of design that is uniquely American and is now influencing even the *haute couture* in Europe.

Each designer also has an intense interest in the woman who will complete his design idea by wearing his clothes—an ideal customer who travels a great deal and leads an active life.

Ellen Brooke has spent many years in

other countries with her husband, Julian Licht, an industrial engineer. Her working world is now Seventh Avenue, but her leisure is spent at concerts, at the theater and with a small collection of favorite books, many of which remind her of the parts of the world she loves best: Ireland, London, Florence, Greece and Burma. Miss Brooke's firm, Sports-wear Couture, is known for "collector's" jackets, skirts, dresses, blouses and coats in top-quality fabrics and styles so classic they have no identifiable year or nationality. To make clothes that are com-

fortable, that "settle themselves," she gives great attention to the fit of a pattern—a Burmese jacket, a perfectly balanced pleated skirt or her highly successful fisherman's shirt dress. She made 11 versions of the latter before arriving at a design that satisfied her.

Bonnie Cashin is a modern architect of clothes. She works from color and texture and builds layers of simple shapes in jerseys, tweeds, leathers and canvas, which are manufactured by Philip Sells, as are her hats—many of which are shaped like paper bags or shower caps. Her leather shopping bags, which she calls "Cashin-Carrys," are made by Coach Leatherware, and her Rainy-Day clothes, such as the cape at left, by Modella. Of all American designers, Miss Cashin's work is probably best known abroad, particularly in London. She spends half her year in travel and has become the master equippage of all travelers. Her inventions include lap robes in tweeds or furs to match her coats and suits and, as fittings for her catchall handbags, different-colored cases for various currencies, notebooks, eyeglasses, passports and tickets. A fully organized Cashin traveler looks as efficiently engineered as a jet airplane.

This year Miss Cashin added a collection of winter sports furs: a monkey fur skirt, a raccoon poncho and coats of jaguar, Norwegian seal and baby calf. The Brooklyn Museum presented a retrospective showing of Cashin clothes recently, pointing out that her work seems undated mainly because, after 15 years, the public is just now catching up with it.

Rudi Gernreich's work was way out before Out became In. Since he lives in California, Gernreich quite naturally was attracted to swimsuit design. His daring cutouts won a Coty Award in 1960, and last year he predicted that U.S. women eventually would go for increasingly audacious swimsuits (SA, Dec. 24). This year he made a suit of a boy's jacket turned around and buttoned down the back—a fair sample of the shock techniques he uses to keep fashion moving. He also cuts coats and suits out of Spanish rugs, and bathing suits out of a shiny vinyl, which look spectacular but are, as Gernreich warns, not intended "to get caught in the sun in."

Harmon Knitwear, Inc. in Marinette, Wis. makes most of Gernreich's swimsuits and all of his knitted dresses. His own firm, GR Designs, is headquarters for everything else.

END

Typical of Bonnie Cashin's collections are a bicycle-cape suit for the rain, a leather pinafare over a canvas shirt, and a leather shopping bag.





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AFTER FALL THAT COULD HAVE COST THE GAME, COUSY GRIMACES AND AUERSBACH PRETS

Up to their old tricks

Age was supposed to slow Boston, but not even an injury to a famous ankle could keep the champs from another NBA title

Just minutes after the Boston Celtics had earned their fifth consecutive National Basketball Association championship last week, Bill Russell, the goateed Celtic center, made a brief dressing room speech to the claques of reporters, photographers and backslappers surrounding him. "It's nice to be playing with the old pros," he said, "the old, old pros."

For seven months Bill Russell and his Boston playmates had been badgered about being old. Wherever they dragged their gym bags people wanted to know if it was true that the young Los Angeles Lakers were going to beat proud Boston out of the basketball championship of the world. "No," Bill Russell would say. "Los Angeles is not going to do any such thing." And sometimes some of the other Celtics said much stronger things. Perhaps Bob Cousy, 34, and playing his last games, summed up the situation best back in March. "We are not," he said, "the oldest men alive."

As a matter of fact, when Boston beat

Los Angeles in three of the first four games of the NBA playoff and had the further advantage of a fifth game in its own Boston Garden, nobody was looking antiquated except the Lakers. In the fifth game, however, L.A. pulled itself together to win 126-119, thus forcing last week's sixth game in Los Angeles.

The final score of that contest in Boston had no sooner flickered on the scoreboard than the city of Los Angeles began to stew, and in the process showed that its pro basketball enthusiasm is unmatched anywhere, even if its team isn't. An ebullient television announcer at the game in Boston told his L.A. listeners that tickets for the sixth game would go on sale at the Lakers' office at 9 a.m. the next day. There was one slight fault with that: there were no tickets. The Lakers had sold tickets in blocks, just as for the baseball World Series, and the blocks covered three home games. Some single-game tickets also were offered, but the demand was so heavy that they had quickly disappeared.

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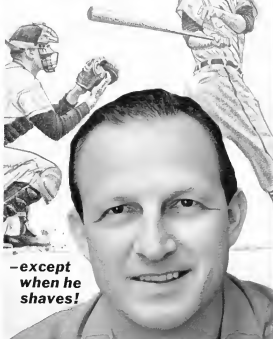
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BASKETBALL *continued*

As soon as the people heard the erroneous announcement they started marching on the Los Angeles Sports Arena. By midnight an army was coming up South Figueroa Street, equipped with sleeping bags, blankets, hand-warmers, Thermos jugs and strategies for destroying the poor Celtics. By 10 a.m. the next morning there were 5,000 angry, unbefieving souls marching, marching, marching. One man forced open a secretary's desk in the Laker office and started scrambling around inside it. "I know there are some tickets here somewhere,"



RABID FODDERS PROCLAIM HOPES, BUT

he said, "and I'm going to find them." Cecil Cronkhite, the Laker ticket manager, holding the line through his own Longest Day, decided that the time was right to find a publisher for his book, *People Who Buy Tickets and Other Maniacs I Have Known*.

But the Lakers apologized profusely and handed out priority stubs to see the game on closed-circuit theater television. That they were in a position to do this was yet another indication of how pro basketball has caught the fancy of Los Angeles. The Lakers, perhaps a little stunned at their ticket demand for the first home game of the playoffs, arranged to televise the second home game in two theaters. They charged \$2.50 a seat, and promptly sold out one theater and filled 90% of the other one. It was the first time the backers of a major championship sporting event, other than boxing, had tried theater television and succeeded. The implications, though hardly noticed amid the excitement of the event itself, were not lost on the people who mattered. "We were aware that we were testing the future of pay television," says Lou Mohs, the Laker general manager. (Already the Lakers are talking of setting up 12 theater TV dates for next season.)

By the sixth game the Lakers had three theaters in their chain, and 6,000 of 6,200 theater seats were sold.

Thus, the enthusiasm of the Laker fans was in full cry by game time Wednesday night, as 15,521 packed the Sports Arena. Greeting Boston as it took the floor was a big red, white and blue sign that read "Go Lakers! Smash the Smelties!" Hollywood was out in force. Doris Day, dressed in a green suit, applauded the Lakers continuously. Danny Thomas smoked cigars nervously. Pat Boone, wrapped in a red jacket, blew bubbles and bounced up and down.

But none of this could match the pro-



fessional type of frenzy taking place on the basketball court. Los Angeles started fast and kept pace nicely until well into the second period when, rather suddenly, it fell on hard times. Laker shots didn't go in, and Bill Russell snatched the rebound every time the Lakers missed. Meanwhile, Boston's rookie, John Havlicek, was banging in 11 straight Celtic points and at the half Boston had a solid 14-point lead. Pro basketball is a little like a footrace. If you fall too far behind you must make an early move to catch up; yet this spurt, successful though it may be, is so tiring that you are likely to fade again in the stretch. So the Lakers were in serious trouble.

From the start of the second half they chopped away at that lead, but it was still Boston by nine with 11 minutes to play. Then Bob Cousy, the man whose very presence seems to make the Celtics function, somehow tripped over his own feet at midcourt. There was a gasp from the crowd—for all their "Smelties," Laker fans appreciate pro basketball's greatest name—as Cousy lay writhing. Red Auerbach, the Celtic coach, rushed out to peer down in dismay at his fallen warrior. Cousy had sprained his left ankle. Now the Lakers turned tougher. In six

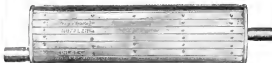
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minutes Boston's lead was down to a single point. Back came Cousy—thanks to ice packs, adhesive tape and his own adrenaline—and Boston had its leader again.

There was 2:48 left to play and Boston was still ahead, but only 104-102, when Jerry West, the Laker guard, brought the ball upcourt and lofted a soft pass to Rudy LaRusso. Tom Heinsohn of the Celtics had been watching this same gentle pass over and over all night. It had been frequently used to set up the Laker offense. Heinsohn figured the pass was a little too soft, a little too careless, and had waited for the right time to try to intercept it. This was it. He moved in on LaRusso's blind side, stole the ball and drove downcourt for a layup. The Lakers were never to recover from that.

As the final buzzer sounded, it was Bob Cousy who had the ball near mid-court, where he was dribbling it to kill the clock. He threw it as high in the air as he could, then fell into a sweaty, glorious embrace with Red Auerbach, his exit from pro basketball a triumphant one.

"Please," said Auerbach, once he was unwound from Cousy and in the dressing room, "tell me some of these stories about Los Angeles being the basketball capital of the world. The Lakers are a great team, but we beat them."

No booze for Cousy

There was no champagne in the Celtic dressing room. Not even a beer. As Heinsohn happily suggested, that is one of the penalties of winning anything five times in a row. Why celebrate?

In the Los Angeles dressing room, meanwhile, Laker Coach Fred Schaus kept the door closed. He told his team, "I am proud of you. Damn proud. I don't want to hear any gripes about anything. Give Boston credit. They forced us into mistakes and then took advantage of them. When you leave here, go out with your heads up high."

When the Lakers did leave, a large crowd was awaiting them, the same people who had paid over \$1 million to see them this year—the largest gate in pro basketball history. Every one of them knew the Lakers had lost to a better team, but their applause was loud. Maybe there wasn't the basketball capital of the world, but they still thought it was. The Laker players held their heads high, just like Fred had told them to. **END**



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Drawings by *Frederick Cooper*

The ball is played farther to the left and the swing is on a lower plane (red lines) than usual (dotted blue lines).



When confronted with a long-iron approach shot that must clear bunkers or hazards directly in front of the green, the majority of golfers will drill away with all they've got and hope for the best. The trouble with this is that the ball usually will run a long way when it hits. It often bounces into more trouble behind the green than it could have gotten into in front of the green.

The best way to solve this difficult problem is to select a slightly longer iron than is seemingly needed, and then hit a high fade with it. If the distance to the green would ordinarily require a three-iron, a two-iron should be used instead. The ball should be played opposite the left instep, rather than the heel. The club face should be somewhat open at address and, since the ball will fade, it must be aimed to the left of the target. The clubhead is brought straight back, close to the ground. The downswing should be made along much the same trajectory, the clubhead sweeping the ball off the turf instead of hitting down on it. To avoid topping the shot, concentrate on keeping the clubhead low and behind the ball at impact so that it hits the back of the ball and then goes firmly through toward the hole. One word of warning. Since the clubhead must sweep the ball off the grass, attempt this shot only from a good lie.

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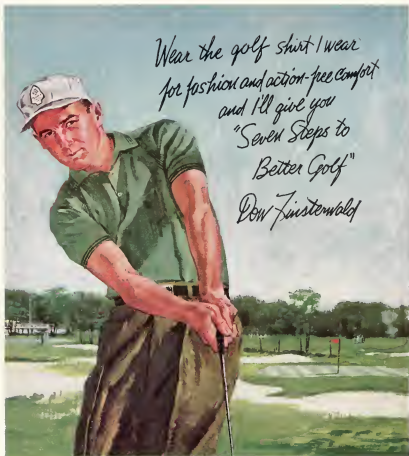


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The quaint cult of the Mets

Some say that rooting for the Mets is a fad. Others argue that anyone who can stand watching baseball in the Polo Grounds must be sincere

When the New York Mets beat the Milwaukee Braves twice in a Sunday doubleheader a week or so ago to run their startling winning streak to four straight games, the crowd watching in the ancient Polo Grounds was 27,000 or slightly less than half of capacity. If one considers that it was the first Sunday the Mets were playing at home, that the team had just captured its first two victories of the season—both of them exciting games—and that it was a warm, pleasant spring day, the fact that only half the ball park's seats were occupied might seem to indicate that enthusiasm for the Mets, while considerable, is nonetheless under a decent restraint.

But this is misleading, or else one does not know the Polo Grounds. A crowd of 27,000 seems nearly to fill up the place. The 28,000 seats that remain empty are either high in the distant center-field bleachers (the top row of the bleach-

ers is almost 600 feet from home plate) or far back in the upper stands (people in upper right can't see the right fielder, and people in upper left can't see the left fielder, but everybody can see the center fielder, which may be another reason why Willie Mays was so popular in New York) or else behind posts, of which the Polo Grounds has a splendid supply. Some seats in the Polo Grounds are behind several posts simultaneously, particularly those in the rear of the lower stands behind the dugouts. Watching a game from there is like watching it through a pocket fence, and the people who sit there sway back and forth continuously during a game, first one way to get a glimpse of the pitcher winding up—as the batter disappears behind a post—and then the other way, abruptly dismissing the pitcher, to watch the batter swing. The Polo Grounds is a terrible place to watch a ball game.

continued

Casey Stengel used to pose this way at pennant clinchings and after World Series games. Here, with four upraised fingers, he salutes the Mets' four-game winning streak, a modest achievement elsewhere, but for the Mets the longest winning streak in their short, gentle history. It was a small thing but it was their own.



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BASEBALL continued

The Polo Grounds is also a terrible place to get to. It is stuck in between a cliff (you walk down to get in from that side) and a river; it has one parking lot, which is designed on the principle of the funnel—everything seems to go out through one gate. You can't get in the parking lot, if the crowd is any size at all, unless you arrive hours before game time. And if you do get in, it takes three-quarters of an hour from the last out of the game before you can move your car as far as the street. And yet 27,000 people went to see the Mets.

Of course, this may help to explain the hold the Mets have on New Yorkers, because the Polo Grounds, wretched ball park that it is, is beloved. Grown men brainwash their children with its legends; generations of stale cigar smoke linger in the memory like a lovely, elusive perfume; realization that the new Shea Stadium out in Queens will soon be ready for the Mets and that the Polo Grounds will then be torn down and laid waste to make room for a housing project brings tears to the eyes of men sitting behind posts, or those in the upper right-field stands who are wondering what the right fielder is doing. Perversity is a form of love.

That Sunday, Duke Snider hit a double against the Braves to make the score 2-2. A man entering a bar off Sixth Avenue said to a friend, "Hey, did you hear? The Duke just doubled to tie the score." The friend looked up from his Scotch with some amusement and said, "Ah, I see you've joined the cult of the Mets."

The first man was jolted. "Cult?" he said. "It's getting so you can't even root for a ball team without being analyzed."

But he looked up the word later. He discovered that its meaning, in this case, was "a great devotion to something, especially such devotion viewed as an intellectual fad." And he had to admit that his friend had some something, for in New York there is no question but that rooting for the Mets is the thing to do; it is smart, it is right, it is in. The boys in the advertising dodge, always alert to trends (narrow brims, vodka Martinis, pro football), are Met fans almost to a man and are up on all the latest deprecatory gags. Intellectuals who still confess an ignorance of TV ("I really don't get a chance to watch it") rally round the Mets. When Jimmy Breslin, the Brendan Behan of sportswriting, turned out a book this spring on the

Mets, *The New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune* hurried to review it, glowingly. The fact that it was a fine and funny book seemed almost coincidental; that it was about the Mets seemed all that mattered.

So a cult does exist. But beyond it lies honest rooting territory, sustained interest. Last year it was novelty, a carnival, the fun of having the National League back in New York, the chance to see Willie Mays and the Dodgers again, the happy joke of an awful but colorful team. This year the team is neither as colorful nor as awful, and the quality of the baseball being played is becoming more important than the gags. People are talking more about Jim Hickman, the good center fielder, than they are about Marv Throneberry, the comic first baseman.

Matter of pride

The day his team lost that Sunday doubleheader to the Mets, Bobby Bragan, manager of the Milwaukee Braves, was maligning the Polo Grounds. Long fly balls hit by the Braves were being caught in the far reaches of the vast outfield, and short fly balls hit by the Mets were going into the stands along the foul lines for home runs. Bobby looked with profound disgust at this oddest of baseball parks and muttered, "Chamber of horrors. Whoever it was who called this place a chamber of horrors hit it exactly right."

Maybe so. But for Mets fans, the ones who are noncult and who came to see baseball, the key moment of that glorious weekend—which was culminated by Jim Hickman's grand-slam home run on Sunday—was a play that had nothing to do with the size and shape of the chamber of horrors. Al Jackson, a Met pitcher of the Bobby Shantz class, which is to say he is a complete ballplayer, though small, came to bat against Warren Spahn with a man on first base. He squirmed away as if to bunt and the Milwaukee infield pressed in; but, instead of bunting, Jackson swung away at the last second and chopped a little base hit over the left side of the infield. The base runner went all the way around to third, and Jackson was safe at first. It was a deft play, beautiful, perfect, and it was done against ballplayers of quality and reputation—Warren Spahn, Ed Mathews, Roy McMillan.

It made the crowd feel proud, which is a new feeling for crowds watching the New York Mets.

END

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Right rule, wrong play

Bridge players will go to a great deal of trouble to learn the variations of bidding systems and fancy coups, but all too few of them are willing to apply just a little bit of that time and effort to learning the rules that govern the game they play. Players unacquainted with *The Laws of Contract Bridge* can lose a lot of points to bridge-table lawyers. In the hand below, such a lawyer tried his best to thwart a grand slam, and it is both ironical and rare that he thwarted himself, instead.

The bidding was straightforward enough. Whether South, holding a void, should have invoked Blackwood is questionable. He can make a grand slam with only one ace if it's the right one. However, North was able to show two aces and one king—surely enough to take care of South's possible diamond losers—and South bid the big slam.

South made the slight technical error of winning the opening diamond lead with dummy's king. He took two rounds of trumps and, with this evidence that the spade suit was breaking, he laid down his hand and claimed the contract. While North and South were congratulating one another on their bidding, East demanded that declarer play out the hand. This was entirely within his rights. Under the laws of bridge, so was East's insistence that declarer was not now allowed to lead another trump, since declarer had not stated his intention of doing so at the time he claimed the hand. But, unhappily for East, he was a better bridge lawyer than player.

After considerable argument that of course he had intended to draw the last trump, South protestingly played the

hand out. He cashed his four top hearts and his ace of diamonds. Then he led his fifth heart and ruffed in dummy. He discarded his last diamond on the ace of clubs and now, having nothing left in his hand but trumps, after he had ruffed himself in he was at last permitted to lead the remaining high spade, removing East's jack. But notice that had declarer been permitted to draw East's last trump when he wanted to, North would not have had a trump left. Since the hearts broke so outlandishly, South would have been left with a losing heart trick. As it was, thanks to East's insistence on a technicality, South brought home all 11 tricks.

Changes in the bridge laws last month further spell out defenders' rights in a case where a declarer has claimed a contract is cold. They can, at their choice, either bar a trump lead or require it if an adverse trump remains outstanding. The latter option, owing to South's failure to preserve a squeeze position by winning the first diamond in his own hand, would have beaten this slam. **END**

Both sides vulnerable		SOUTH	
South dealer		♠ 10 8 3	
		♥ A 2 2	
		♦ K 7 6 4	
		♣ A Q 3	
WEST		EAST	
♠ 5 4		♠ J 6 2	
♥ 10 5 2		♥ 10 9 8 5 3	
♦ K J 8 7 6 4 2		♦ J 9	
		♣ 10 9 5	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A K Q 9 7	
		♥ K Q 7 6 4	
		♦ A 8 3	
		♣	
SOUTH		WEST	
1 ♠		PASS	
3 ♥		PASS	
4 N 1.		PASS	
5 N 1.		PASS	
7 ♣		PASS	
		SOUTH	
		2 N 1.	
		PASS	
		PASS	
		PASS	
		PASS	

Opening lead: 2 of diamonds

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YANG OF CHINA

continued from page 27

bowed legs are thick and powerful-looking and he runs with a rather graceless efficiency. Sunday there was something more, a relentlessness that seemed impressive even for a man of such single-minded purpose as Yang. He crossed the finish line in 5 minutes 2 and 4 10 seconds. He was the new world record holder—the first truly great Chinese athlete of modern times. Suddenly, there by his side, was his wife, Daisy. From Ventura, Calif., she had met the world's best athlete at a tea in the Nationalist Chinese consulate in Los Angeles.

The weekend's other records fell earlier, the first at Penn, the oldest and, in number of contestants and spectators, the biggest of the relays. Among a total of 5,220 athletes, performing before 37,432 people in Philadelphia, was a sophomore from the University of Washington named Brian Sternberg. When he took his turn at assailing the often-broken world mark in the pole vault, Sternberg cleared 16 feet 5 inches, to top by an inch the previous outdoor high set by John Pennel of Northeast Louisiana on April 10.

The other two records came at the Mount San Antonio Relays. This meet, only in its fifth year, attracted 2,180 athletes of various ages and presented an almost wearisome total of 148 events, 59 of them relays. Walnut is about 30 miles southeast of Los Angeles and there are fewer permanent inhabitants in the town than there were athletes last Friday and Saturday. The track at Mount San Antonio College is, however, something special. Carefully built in layers, it is based on a foot of compacted gravel and rock. On top of that is two inches of sand and on top of the sand three inches of decomposed granite. The last two layers are made of diatomaceous earth, sand clay, plastic clay and volcanic ash. The whole thing is carefully laid out and fitted with drains that can absorb and dispose of a heavy rainfall in a matter of a few hours, not fast enough to guarantee a long day's activity in the decathlon, but sufficient for lesser men.

The records came on Saturday, making a total (including Yang's) of 11 world records set or tied in this meet since it began in 1959. The first was set by Al Oerter, who threw the discus 205 feet 5½ inches to break his own world record of 204 feet 10½ inches set in Chicago last July at the U.S.-Poland dual meet. This

was Oerter's first competition of the year, he had a remarkable series of throws, five of them over 300 feet. The record throw came on his second attempt.

"I have a fascinating job," Oerter said after he had broken the record. "I'm a programmer for computer machines for Grumman Aircraft. I sit at a desk all day translating data into language computers can understand. The job gets me so wrapped up that sometimes I stay on until late at night working on a problem. That makes it hard to keep up with all of this." Here he included the whole complex of the track meet going on around him with a sweeping gesture.

"So I'm not in very good shape," he said. "I weigh about 265. I'll have to take some of that off. I'll be better later in the season."

The second world record was set by the altogether amazing Arizona State mile-relay team. This combination ran the mile relay in 3 minutes 47 seconds. By more than a second it broke a record that had been set on the same track in 1960 by a United States national team composed of the four best quarter-milers in the country at that time—Eddie Southern, Earl Young, Otis Davis and Jack Yerman.

State's coach is a quiet, low-pressure man named Senon Castillo, who has a luxuriant growth of bushy black hair on his head and whose nickname is Baldy. Before the mile relay Castillo considered the track, the weather and the condition of his runners and decided that they could very likely run close to 3:04.

"Mike Barrick can lead off with a 48-second quarter," he said. "Carr can do 45.1 or 45.2, and Freeman is around 46 seconds. Then Uls Williams can be around 45 seconds, too. But when you're going that fast, everything has to go right. All the passes have to be good."

All the passes were good. Barrick, a 23-year-old senior, ran his opening leg in 48 seconds flat. Henry Carr, a 19-year-old sophomore, did a whistling 45.1. Ron Freeman, a 22-year-old senior who had never run under 46.5 before, ran his lap in 45.6, and Uls Williams, a lean, bespectacled sophomore, finished the relay with a 45.8 anchor lap. It all added up to the fastest mile relay in the history of the world—and the second most impressive performance of the weekend. The first, of course, belonged to Chuan-Kwang Yang. Runner-up to Rafer Johnson in the Rome Olympics, he should give the Republic of China its first gold Olympic medal when he competes in Tokyo. **END**

CLASS!



Robert French, Beverly Hills, Calif., stockbroker, regularly rides his Triumph to and from his office.

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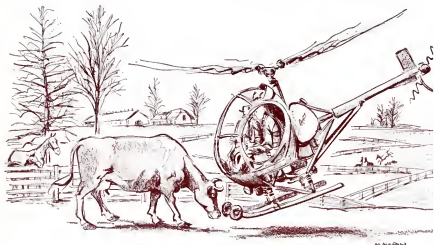
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(Please Print)

When I took up amateur flying a decade ago, cross-country piloting was still something of an adventure, like automobile touring in the '20s. Since then, there has been a boom in the use of small planes for business travel, and luxurious, complicated, high-performance machines have just about taken over the market. William Piper, for example, still keeps ladies in the back room stitching wing fabric for new Cubs, but he does a far brisker trade in his \$50,000 twin-engine models, which use cloth only in the window curtains.

This is progress, and I have trailed along behind it as best I could, learning to operate some of the knobs on some of the black boxes, and even going so far as to get myself licensed to fly by instruments in the foggy dew. The most fun I have in the air, however, and the kind I can best afford, is still fair-weather flying in small planes, low and



slow, where I can see the trees in the forest and little, white faces in the back window of a powerful station wagon, goggling up at me as Daddy, oblivious of the fact that we are both backing a ferocious headwind, pulls ahead of me on the turnpike below.

From time to time I've thought about helicopters. Who hasn't? The whirlybird is the ultimate in flexibility, the secret of its success being, of course, that it can move along at walking speed or less, stopping or backing up at will. The law, very strict about minimum altitudes and obstacle clearance for airplanes, allows helicopters almost total freedom. It is the ideal vehicle for the traveler who needn't go too far too fast (most choppers cruise in the 70-to-100-

mph range) and wants to enjoy the motorist's prerogative of pulling over and parking anytime as well as the pilot's ability to hop traffic jams and straighten out curved routes.

What outdoorsman hasn't watched his favorite creek or campsite fill to overflowing with fallout from the population explosion, and mused about some lost valley, accessible only to angels, ballooningists and others capable of vertical flight? What commuter hasn't toyed with the fantasy that if he wished hard enough, pulled back the wheel with sufficient faith and tromped on the gas pedal, he would rise and soar right over the traffic mess ahead? (Some people actually try this.)

Mechanical levitation has been a pet dream of mankind for centuries. The ancients, however, didn't have the frustration of actually seeing the contraptions work and not being able to play with them because they cost too much. For a long time now, just about the only establishments able to afford helicopters have been the military services, Arthur Godfrey and heavy industry. Until recently, a typical two-to-three-place job with a top cruise of 85 mph and the rate of climb of a sick turkey might cost as much as \$65,000 and require three or four hours in the shop for every hour in the air. As a result, private helicopter training has been prohibitive and almost nonexistent.

Happily, though, as the price of airplanes has gone up, some of the smaller choppers seem to have been letting down for a landing. Two new makes, the Brantly and the Hughes, at around \$22,000 each, actually cost less than some of the most popular single-engine light planes. Twenty grand is still a hefty bag of gold for a two-place conveyance, but when you think of it in terms of what helicopters have been costing, it is a significant drop and a healthy hint that they might get cheaper. It has been said that Chevrolets would cost 20 times as much if produced at the same rate as whirlybirds.

Possibly the greatest effect of these new "compacts" will be the opening of helicopter schools at more realistic prices. In a recent issue of *Air Force*, my favorite vest-pocket magazine, I noted two items about this. First, the FAA had reduced the minimum training time for adding a helicopter rating to a fixed-wing license from 25 to 15 hours. Second, a school called Rotarport, which uses the Hughes and teaches nothing but helicopter flying, had already opened for business near Lexington, Ky. According to the item, any pilot with a valid license and \$750 for tuition, plus the price of a Lexington motel room, could spend a week or two in the heart of the beautiful Bluegrass country and come away with a rating. I sent for literature.

"This is what I've been waiting for," I told my wife, when the return mail brought a pile of school brochures and a training manual for the Hughes 269A, which cruises above 80, covers 200 miles on 25 gallons of gas and looks like the kind of cute toy a kid would take to bed with him.

"I've been waiting for something like this, too," she said. "Ever since you quit smoking the last time you've been looking for something wild and extravagant to reward

continued

Anyone for a Backward Takeoff?

You can try some weird stunts in a helicopter—such as a mock bullfight with a cow—but there are problems, too. Unlike an airplane, the blamed thing doesn't really want to fly

by Bill Mauldin

yourself—something really big that will be a fitting moment to your great sacrifice."

"I only want to learn to fly it, not buy it," I said.

"Fifteen hours for \$750 is \$50 an hour," she pointed out. "That's the price of 100 baby sitters. Can't you see them all sitting there, watching TV at once?"

"It's a bargain," I insisted. "It used to cost twice that."

"I'll remember that line of reasoning for future shopping."

I showed her page 32 of the manual, which had a section headed: VISUALLY CLEAR THE AREA BEFORE COMMENCING A BACKWARD TAKEOFF.

"Do you realize how long it took man to come to this?" I demanded. "Da Vinci's inspiration came true. Imagine being able to take off backward, like a hummingbird."

"I read in *National Geographic* that it's a common falcon among the gooney birds on Midway Island," she said. "But you go ahead. You haven't had a vacation in two whole months."

So I left my four sons practicing backward takeoffs from the living room furniture and headed for Kentucky. Not without a certain sense of guilt, though. I had always been able to more or less justify my other flying ventures on the grounds that they were legitimate and often practical transportation for my family and for me. This new project was going to take some stretching of the rationale.

The helicopter school is on a farm on the Paris Pike, just north of Lexington, in a classic Kentucky landscape of rolling fields, dazzling white fences and well-kept old mansions. The farm has 300 acres or so of open pasture and fields and a couple of big, black tobacco barns, alongside one of which are a pair of shiny new buildings: the hangar and the schoolhouse. There are a wind sock and a black asphalt pad with a white H in a triangle. What probably makes Rotarport unique among flying schools is that the nearest conventional airport is 10 miles away, on the other side of Lexington. "We think helicopter students have enough problems without worrying about airplane traffic," explains the owner and operator, Marlon L.L. Short. After my first five minutes as a student, I came to agree with him.

Short is a former American Airlines captain who flew DC-2s and DC-3s in the '30s with Ernest K. (*The High and the Mighty*) Gann, served a hitch in MATS and gave up professional flying for tobacco farming after the war. He has kept it up as a sideline. He and his wife Judy own a twin-engine Apache, belong to the Sportsman Pilots Association and are both expert helicopter pilots. "We couldn't resist getting into the school business, because we think the Hughes and the Beantley are going to open up a long-overdue market," Short said. "The backyard aircraft has finally arrived."

"Do you think there will ever be a 5:30 rush on Victor Airway 977?" I asked.

"I sincerely hope so," he replied automatically. Then I

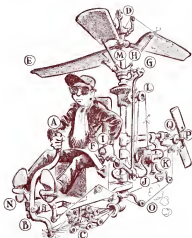
noticed that he shuddered slightly as the vision sank in.

The Shorts do not teach. Their chief instructor is a lanky young ex-marine from Ohio named Roger Burlew, a child of the technological age who has logged some 1,200 hours in military helicopters and regards airplanes as rather interesting relics of a bygone age. He rides in the front seat of the Shorts' Apache sometimes and marvels at what keeps it aloft.

"Your airplane time isn't going to be much help in learning at first," Roger told me as we walked to the hangar for my first lesson. "Fixed-wing experience isn't a handicap, exactly; it's just that this is a different skill."

"Incidentally," he added as we pushed the Hughes out on its little lawn-mower wheels, "in whirlybird circles we refer to everything connected with conventional aircraft as 'fixed-wing.'"

"I see what you mean," I said, tentatively wiggling one of the thin little rotor blades as Roger led me through the preflight inspection. The blade flexed and sagged in a disconcertingly spineless manner, like a piece of soggy spa-



The author offers a simplified version of a typical helicopter's main rotor system. Labels (A) is gearbox-mounted (B), but connections (C) to individual pitch controls (D) of rotor blades (E). Differential pitch has effect of leveling rotor system in direction of desired flight. Collective pitch (F) is linked (G) to pitch mechanism (H) of all blades at once. Collective pitch handle (I) controls throttle connection (J) to engine (K), which drives (L) rotor shaft (M). Rudder pedals (N) are connected (O) to pitch control (P) of tail rotor (Q), which swings helicopter left or right. (Fuel tank, landing gear, instrument panel not shown. This model is still in experimental stage in author's basement.)

ghetti. "What do you do if one of them comes off?" I asked.

"Why, the same thing you do when your fixed wing comes off," Roger answered rhetorically with rhetoric. He had the patient air of a man who had explained it many times. "Actually, it happens just about that rarely, and for about the same reasons. The first screw has to come loose up front, in the pilot's head."

"And what about that little tail rotor? If you lost that wouldn't you start spinning wildly around?"

"You would be reduced to the status of an ordinary fixed-wing aircraft, that's all. See the little vane back there by the rotor? If you kept your airspeed up, that would hold you straight till you got down." He paused and looked at me. "Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"To tell the truth, I find I'm scared to death of the damned thing, now that I'm face to face with it," I admitted. "It looks like a mosquito trying to carry a flashlight bulb, not like a flying machine."

Think what the horseless carriage must have looked like to an old mule skinner," he said. He helped me into my seat and adjusted the safety belt with a certain solicitude. The engine, a 180-hp Lycoming, started with a shake and idled roughly but, after the clutch was engaged and the rotor blades were singing, things got amazingly smooth—not at all what I had expected.

"This is called air-taxing," Roger said, lifting us into a hover, with the skids about three feet off the ground. Then we began moving slowly across the grass. "It's how you move helicopters around on the ground, because it would be pretty hard to push them on those skids. You'll notice that we're in a cushion of air compressed between the blades and the ground, and the engine doesn't have to work so hard." He speeded up so that we moved off the cushion, and we promptly settled almost to the ground.

I noticed something else, too. According to the windsock on the schoolhouse there was a 10-to-15-mph breeze from the southeast, and from the way the sock was snapping there were gusts. Why didn't we feel them? It finally occurred to me that the answer was in those lumber rotor blades about which I had been so dubious. They soaked up turbulence like an innerspring mattress. I am an airplane pilot who will climb to any altitude and face any penalty of headwinds to avoid rough air, and for me this was the best news yet about helicopters.

"Watch the rpm needle," Roger said. "Always keep it in the back of your mind and the corner of your eye. The Hughes operates most of the time at 2,700, although we'd go to 2,900 for climbing out and landing."

We came to a fence and hopped over it, in what seemed to me a rather frisky manner. I soon learned that it is hard to repress your sense of humor in one of these things. Roger sidled us up to another fence, backed off like a nervous horse refusing a jump, then rushed it, twisting at the

last second and leaping over sideways. Then he twisted us back to face the way we were going.

"Don't ever touch down while you're moving sideways like that," Roger warned, "or you'll carry your rotor blades home in your pocket. Watch the way they do it on those TV shows, and that's the way not to fly one."

"Here," he said, "take the rudder pedals." Ah. I quickly noted that you must hold a touch of left rudder in a hover. This would be torque; the big rotor blades turn counterclockwise; the helicopter wants to turn in the opposite direction. In an airplane you would hold right rudder—a little something to unlearn.

"It seems easy enough," I said, pointing the nose this way and that with a certain firmness. I don't believe I made that remark again for several days.

"Now take hold of the collective," Roger said, nodding at the control stick angling up under my left hand. "They call it the collective because it changes the pitch of all the rotor blades simultaneously. It's our up-and-down control. Don't twist the grip suddenly," he cautioned. "That's the throttle, like on a motorcycle. By the way, are you a Harley-Davidson man or an Indian man?"

I replied that I was neither; you couldn't pay me enough money to get on one of those things.

"Me, neither," Roger said. "Anyway, some motorcycle types have a hard time at first with helicopter throttles, because here you twist left for power."

As it turned out, I had a pretty hard time with it myself. I am one of those simple souls who depend upon little homilies and tricks of free association to remember things in flying. In navigation, adding westerly variation becomes "West is best, east is least." Port wine is red, so starboard lights must be green. (If I could only remember whether starboard is left or right!) In an airplane, throttle forward is strength—manly! Backward is weakness.

But what do you do with a throttle that twists left for power? Left makes might? Gosh, no. Counterclockwise is gain? Certainly not. In my early hours of training I made Roger swallow his gum more than once by chopping the throttle when he cried for more. Finally, I hit upon a formula: "It's warmer in the south." Southpaw. Left makes the engine hot. Well, it *worked*, anyway.

Now, as we sat in a hover, Roger explained the collective I held gingerly in my left hand. "Some people think of the rotor system as a big propeller lying on its side and cranking you up into the air," he said. "Others think of it as a rotary wing. Actually, it is neither and both. Work out the theories on your own time, but if you should decide that the helicopter can't really fly at all, as some engineers once discovered about the bumblebee, keep it to yourself, please. It is enough for now to know that our rotor blades are pulling air downward, which pulls us upward, and the collective controls the bite of the blades. Pull up, big bite, you rise. Pull too hard, bigger bite, blade stalls, you drop. Try it. I'll take the rudders."

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Helicopters continued

I hauled up on the stick and we blasted off like a rocket.

"I didn't expect such abrupt control movements from a pilot," Roger chuckled reproachfully as he checked our wild ascent. "We'll enter that in your log as a demonstration of a maximum-performance takeoff—the kind you would use to escape from a silo. Now let us back down, gently, please."

Ever so lightly, I eased the collective down, and ever so sedately we descended.

"The objective is *pressure* on the controls," my mentor said. "If you can see a whirlybird pilot's hand moving around he's not flying right. Now take the rudders and collective together."

I did, and the situation began to deteriorate again. The helicopter swung right. I jumped on the left rudder, and we began sinking mysteriously. Right rudder and we rose. This was eerie. I hadn't moved collective or throttle so much as a hair. Roger sat there and let me figure it out. Of course! the rudders weren't really rudders; they control the pitch of the tail rotor, which exerts constant push against the tail's tendency to swing left from torque. To turn yourself left you increase the little rotor's pitch so it will push harder to the right, and this takes some power from the main blades, which are holding you up. After all, there is only one engine. So you must compensate by adding collective. This calls for more throttle. Now you have to push even harder on the left rudder.

"When you change one thing you've got to adjust everything," I complained.

"You have stumbled onto the secret of how to fly helicopters," Roger smiled. "Now all you need to be an expert is a little practice. Take the cyclic control and hold us in a hover over this spot."

The cyclic! Oh, Lord, the most conspicuous and basic control of all, the one that tilts the plane of the main blades and makes the helicopter go where you want—there it was, sticking up out of the floor like an old-fashioned joy stick, and I hadn't even touched it yet!

I believe "oscillation" is official helicopterese for the maneuver that now began. I would call it blind staggers. Even though Roger kindly relieved me

of the other controls when I first took hold of the cyclic, life on the farm got pretty wild for a while. Finally I realized that it was something like the first lesson in instrument flying—the tyro does everything too late and too much. With a little prudent anticipation here and there, I got things damped down a bit.

Now Roger handed over the whole can of worms at once: cyclic, collective, throttle and both feet full of rudders. I became a man trying to walk a tightrope while rubbing his stomach with one hand and patting his head with the other. To complicate matters further, my nose began to itch. If you don't believe in the Chinese concept of personal demons, wait till you see what horrible itches can develop when you have a death grip on a helicopter and dare not turn loose.

"Isn't there something I could do with my teeth?" I mumbled through the sweat and the tears. "It seems a shame not to use them, too."

"Why, that's how you tune the radio," Roger said, cheerfully, "but we won't go into that during your first hour."

Now I knew why fixed-wing is no real help in learning at first. An airplane is a civilized contraption that is designed to fly, wants to fly and asks only that you more or less keep your hands to yourself and let it fly. Disturb its flight path and it tries to return to it, like a horse headed for the barn. The helicopter never heard about this sort of stability. Aside from the fact that it would rather hang under its rotor blades than, say, run alongside them—an attribute for which gravity deserves most of the credit—it doesn't care where it goes.

If this sounds a little frightening, so is learning to ride a bicycle. Of all things, I think that's what helicopter training most resembles. I was 8 or 9 when I took up bicycling, and the combination of pedaling, balancing and steering seemed more than I could ever handle at once. If only somebody would take over a couple of things so I could concentrate on the third! I kept skimming up my ears and elbows, and things seemed

to get worse instead of better—and then, finally, one day I couldn't ride it and the next day I could.

By the middle of the week (I had started on a Sunday) I was hovering fairly steadily and even undertaking some fancy work, such as figure eights, sashaying sideward along furrows and fences, and squaring off corners like a West Point plebe. We often had Bing, the Shorts' black-and-white Lhasa Apso terrier, scurrying along underneath. His nickname is J.F.R., since he operates most of the time on instrument flight rules, and it is generally accepted theory around the farm that he likes to stay under the helicopter because it blows the hair out of his eyes.

Most of the Shorts' livestock seemed pretty blasé about the big iron insect, but one cow—a dry one, as far as I could tell—took a dim view of the proceedings in her pasture one afternoon and presented her horns. *OM!* We became a living pinwheel, bossy turning slowly at the hub while I circled completely around her at an altitude of three feet, always keeping my nose pointed at hers. We were eyeball to eyeball, and she blinked first.

The resident horses love the machine. This is Thoroughbred country, and even the broomtails are full of fun and vitamins and looking for an excuse to whinny, flare their nostrils and cavort. It takes stern self-control for the student whirlybird pilot not to jump the fences and run with them. But Marston Short seems a well-liked man in his community, and I can't imagine anything that would strain his status so badly as having word get around Calumet and some of the other nearby farms that his helicopter was a horse chaser.

Left to my own devices, I would have been happy to spend all my flying time investigating the local scenery. But Roger was still riding with me. He said the Kentucky landscape was old stuff to him. He didn't want to hear music I could already play; he wanted to find fault with me. For example, he soon sniffed out the fact that it wasn't just my affinity for nature that kept me hovering low among the cows and clover. The embarrassing truth was that I was developing an allergy

to altitude in the helicopter. I think it was mostly the goldfish-bowl visibility that got me. In an airplane you don't sense height so much because you're looking out at an angle, and objects on the ground seem merely to shrink as you climb. Sitting in the Hughes wraparound plastic bubble, I found it disturbing to look down between the toes of my shoes at tobacco barns the size of penny matchboxes. Also, the higher I got, the more I missed some visible means of support. An airplane wing is tangible; a whirling blur of rotor blades merely reminds you that you are being supported by a theory.

"Well, well," Roger said when I finally admitted all this. "You're in about the same fix as a swimming student with hydrophobia."

As a therapeutic measure, he put me hard at work practicing autorotations.

"That's how you get down in case of engine trouble," he explained. "You'd get down anyway, of course, but I want you to learn the graceful way."

"Fixed-wing pilots are funny," he mused a little later, as we climbed to 500 feet over the farm. "You'll see one patiently explaining to a nervous passenger that if the plane's engine quits it won't just fall out of the sky. It will become a glider in a controlled descent, looking hopefully for a flat piece of real estate. Well, we don't even need a field to land on, but that same airplane driver will look at a helicopter and say, 'Geez, I'd hate to be in *that* thing if the engine quits!' Remember, we don't fall, either. A brick falls. A leaf descends. Push down briskly on that collective—all the way, now—and let's descend like a leaf."

It got awfully quiet. The throttle linkage in the collective had backed off the power. Then I noticed a strange tugging at my lap. It was the seat belt. The helicopter was starting down and wanted me to come along. I remember wondering what kind of leaves they grow in Roger's end of Ohio. I suppose a brick would have beaten us to the ground, but I would call the ensuing ride exhilarating, to say the least. The rotor blades set up a high-pitched howl, and when I was able to take my eyes off the details of the fast-growing landscape below, I saw that Roger was pointing at the tachometer.

continued



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Helicopters (continued)

"Very good," he said. "You split the needles nicely." He was referring to the clocklike hands on the dial—a long one for engine rpm and a short one for the rotor. Bringing them together when engaging the clutch before flight is charmingly called "marrying the needles." They do not stick together in adversity, however. Any sudden reduction of power causes the clutch to automatically throw the rotor system into freewheeling, so it won't be pulling against the presumably ailing engine.

"The idea is to keep the blades spinning plenty fast, so they'll store up kinetic energy," Roger said, taking the controls. Holding an airspeed of 65 to 70 mph until we were less than 100 feet high, he began coming smoothly back on the cyclic, putting us into a nose-high attitude, like an airplane flaring out for a full-stall landing.

"We're an autogiro now," he said, "in case you've ever wondered about the difference. A helicopter pulls air down through its rotor, and an autogiro rides on an upward-flowing relative wind." I thought it was a pretty esoteric point to be making at the moment. The song of the blades rose in a crescendo as our airspeed dropped off. If it was kinetic energy Roger wanted, he had plenty of it now. My only worry was that centrifugal force would spread the works all over Kentucky.

Forward cyclic again, and suddenly we were about eight feet, in a level attitude, at zero airspeed, and the whole maneuver made sense. The key was the collective—it was still full down. We were practically home free and we hadn't even begun to tap the energy in the whirling rotor. Now, and only now, Roger eased the control upward, changing the pitch of the blades to make them bite more air, and we settled the last few feet as gently as, well, say a feather.

"The idea is not to get anxious and pull the collective too soon," Roger said. "If you used all that stored-up lift 50 feet high you would be faced with an uncushioned descent."

"Is that a euphemism for a busted tail?"

"Well, you might walk away from it, but you would probably be limping.

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and you would need another helicopter."

He explained the "dead man's curve," a line on a graph in every helicopter's operating manual. It is based on the familiar old fixed-wing adage that when an engine goes dead, speed is money in the pocket and altitude is money in the bank. You can exchange either for the other, but if you run out of both you're broke. For the first time I realized why helicopters usually take off at an angle, when they're capable of going straight up. If your engine should quit under 10 feet, there is enough inertia in the rotor blades at normal speed to let you autorotate safely to the ground. As your altitude goes up, so should your speed.

There is no compelling reason for climbing like a fuker up a rope. The graph for a certain helicopter will show that at, say, 40 feet it will take a forward speed of 50 mph to get enough wind through the blades to make them spin properly for an autorotation. At 100 feet it might take 60 mph. About 150 feet or so, the curve swings back and you can start slowing down. At 400 feet most helicopters can hover without a quail.

Getting into this stuff cured my fear of altitude. Now I was afraid of autorotations. I didn't really mind once I had started down—it was even fun, in a hair-raising sort of way, like being committed to a ski jump—but it took a great deal of will power to first shove that collective down and feel my seat belt tighten.

On Sunday, exactly a week after my first lesson, Roger and I were flying cross-country over some fairly rough terrain south of Lexington, and he suddenly said, "If you had engine trouble right now, what would you do?"

There was only one decent spot within range. It was a tiny clearing, smaller than a suburban backyard, in some high growth at the edge of a ravine. I pointed at it. (By this time I had learned to use friction locks on the various controls during cruising flight, so my hands were comparatively free for such things as pointing. Naturally, all the mysterious stiches had disappeared as soon as I had discovered the friction locks.)

"Go ahead," Roger said.

"Go ahead and what?" I said, stalling desperately for time.

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We start with an extra sensitive tip, carefully engineered. Then we back it up with balanced strength in the blade, and control the action with a ruggedly designed handle.

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Wright & McGill rod next time you're in your sporting goods store. Once you try it, you'll step up to Wright & McGill quality for good.



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Address _____
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THE MAGNAVOX CELESTIAL TUNES IN THE WORLD!

FM, AM, Short-Wave and Marine Bands... this is the finest multi-band portable your money can buy!

Hear radio broadcasts from all over the world with Magnavox unsurpassed clarity and tonal fidelity.

This outstanding instrument has the built-in reliability and superb styling for which Magnavox is famous. Many features—including a

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Exceptionally powerful, dependable—the all-transistor Celestial, Model FM-97. Long-life battery included, \$125. You save middleman costs through Magnavox franchised dealers (see your Yellow Pages).

the magnificent
Magnavox

Helicopters continued

"Shoot an autorotation for it." It was the first time Roger had really snapped at me.

"Should I put on carburetor heat first?" This was really outrageous of me, but it was the best I could think up on such short notice.

"All right," said Roger, "you can relax. We've passed it. Next time I won't say anything. I'll just chop the throttle." He is an easygoing ex-marine, but I could tell his gang-bro was up.

That afternoon he had me doing steep takeoffs and climbing turns—precision stuff, right on the edge of the curve on that graph, with low airspeeds and high manifold pressure. I knew what was on his mind, but I didn't think he'd dare. He picked the worst possible moment, when I was concentrating on adjusting the lateral trim knob during a climb—blurp! He twisted the throttle back and held it in an iron grip, allowing me full freedom of the collective but no comfort from the engine.

For a moment it was almost as bad as the first time he had handed me all the controls at once. The helicopter snapped around to the left, reacting to the sudden loss of torque. I overcorrected to the right, dumped the nose over too far and hauled it back too short. But the important thing was that all this happened within the first 50 feet of descent. Then I got hold of things, more or less, and we rode the rest of the way down in style.

On the ground Roger got out. "You've had almost 10 hours to break my neck," he said, as he tidily crossed his seat belt over the cushion, "and I can't stand the suspense any longer. Goodbye."

The moment of truth was at hand. After my first airplane solo in 1953 I had thought that nothing could ever top the emotions I felt then, but here it all was again. Apprehension as I taxied out for takeoff, loneliness as I climbed, awe as I circled, stark terror as I let down, triumph as I made it, then euphoria. I skillfully air-taxied up to the fence where Roger leaned on a post, waiting for a ride home, parked a skid six inches from his instep and then nearly fell out of my seat. He had to fly us back to the hangar.

I wasn't ready for my FAA test for continued

STAGE



J&F MOHARA

(suited for stardom)

Some advice from Joseph & Feiss, tailors to gentlemen for over 121 years: cast yourself in the role of matinee idol. It's easy. Try a wardrobe of Mohara. Pacific's sterling blend of worsted and kid mohair... or, another version in worsted, kid mohair and Dacron® polyester. Your every performance will take on added glow. (Applause for mohair). J & F creative tailoring gives excellent support to the celebrity look. Suits, \$59.95; Sportcoats, \$39.95; Two-trouser Suits, \$75.00; Slacks, \$18.95. Pacific Mills Worsted Company, A Division of Burlington Industries. For name of your nearest J & F Mohara dealer, (it's your kind of store) write J & F, Box 5968, Cleveland, Ohio.

*Reg. T. M. Burlington Industries, Inc.
©1968 Pacific Mills, Inc. for its polyester fiber

Pacific weaves the fabric... tailoring by **J&F**



Do your savings measure up to your standards?

Here is a new way to determine where you and your family stand and where you're going—an exclusive Connecticut General technique called 25/75.

This new idea works by helping you decide on the financial balance that is right for your needs—now and in the future. 25/75 helps you pay yourself first and control the spending of what is left. It helps you create

new resources... and shows you what they should and could be later on. It helps you determine the role of insurance in your over-all plan.

Discover how you can use CG's exclusive 25/75. Call your Connecticut General agent or broker. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

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CONNECTICUT GENERAL



Helicopters *continued*

another month, during which I got in nine more hours by flying—fixed-wing, of course, son—down from Chicago on weekends. The ideal way, I suppose, would be to spend two straight weeks at it, and an ambitious student, better endowed than I with beans and youth, could probably hack it in the minimum 15 hours and jam it all into one week.

The examination itself was a tense and somewhat goofed-up affair, as these things tend to be. Roger picked up the FAA man at the Lexington airport and flew him to the farm in the Hughes. For the trip he adjusted the pilot-side rudder pedals for his longer legs, and we both forgot to adjust them back. The examiner weighed some 200 pounds, a third again as much as Roger—the helicopter itself weighs only about 900 pounds empty—and I forgot to compensate for it by trimming the controls.

The result of all this was a rather interesting takeoff, beginning with a sharp tilt that developed into a 360° turn. By the 90° point I had gained full control of the rudder pedals by sliding down halfway through my seat belt, and could have stopped the turn, but by then I was afraid of running into the hangar, which was about five feet from my blade tips, so I let the turn go all the way. I waited for the man to tell me to set it down and try again in about a year. He said nothing. I took off for altitude, still dragging on one side, like a ruptured duck. He kept me so busy that I never did have a chance to touch the trim. The emphasis was on emergency procedures. Helicopters are allowed considerable freedom of movement, because they can land on a dime, and the FAA wants to be sure that if you're going to stop at a Howard Johnson's for lunch you won't knock off any orange tiles.

"He seems O.K.," the man said to Roger when we landed after what seemed a long, long time.

"You sure?" Roger grinned. "That takeoff looked a mile hairy."

"Why did you do that 360 at first?" asked Mrs. Short, who had come with her husband to watch me marinate.

"Why, ma'am, that was a clearing turn," I explained. "Lots of livestock around here."

continued

the big shoe is U.S. KEDS

Take Keds "Triumph." Made for tennis, but it walks right off the courts and makes a great all-around shoe. Cleanest lines and smoothest fit you could want! Plus built-in comforts and a rugged construction. Get "Triumph" as shown, or regular oxford style.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE LABEL



United States Rubber

Manufactured in the U.S.A.



Should you wear tattersall underwear with a pin-striped suit?

Live a little. If your shorts are knit boxers from Carter's, you'll carry the whole thing off with aplomb. And with comfort. (Carter's boxers are made of soft, knitted cotton fabric.) And with style. (Carter's boxers are cut to fit a man. They don't sag, bag, drag, or droop.) Try on that tattersall pair. Did you ever face the world more confidently? Hey, come back for your pin-striped pants! Best friend a well-dressed knit-picker ever had:

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after the city, before the state the ZONE keeps your mail from being late

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to include zone number when writing to these cities; be sure to include your zone number in your return address — after the city, before the state.

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Doctors in two leading clinics proved NP-27 clears up athlete's foot, ringworm and other fungus infections, often in as little as 7 days!

NP-27 Liquid and NP-27 Cream contain Tergitol Penetrant, the penetrating ingredient... to penetrate deep, under skin surface, and root out fungus—the cause of athlete's foot. NP-27 works where many remedies cannot reach. Stops itch fast, re-

lieves pain, promotes healthy tissue. New NP-27 Cream helps heal and soften dried, peeling skin, helps stop athlete's foot from spreading. NP-27 Medicated Powder soothes chafing soreness, guards against new infections, helps keep feet healthy!

Get NP-27 Liquid... Cream... Powder. Effective relief guaranteed—or drugstore will refund your money.

Helicopters *continued*

"You even talk like a helicopter pilot," the FAA man said, writing out a temporary certificate.

"Well, congratulations, and I hope you feel better," said my wife when I showed her the notation "Rotorcraft" (helicopter) on my pilot's license.

"Bub," I said, "the Hughes people make an accessory: a set of round, blue, waterproof, plastic suitcases that match the gas tank and fit together on the other side of the transmission behind

Sporting Helicopters

Personal details on the two aeronautically proved whirlybirds available to the public are

NAME	BRANTLY	HUGHES
MODEL	B-2A	269 A
ACCOMMODATION	2, side by side	2, side by side
ENGINE	180-hp Lycoming	180-hp Lycoming
FUEL CAPACITY	31 gal.	25 gal.
MAX. SPEED	100 mph	86 mph
CRUISING SPEED	to 100 mph	83 mph
USEFUL LOAD	580 pounds	640 pounds
SUGGESTED PRICE	\$22,900	\$22,500

the cabin. One is His and one is Hers, and you and I are going to rent a helicopter and take trips together—into the woods, the mountains, the jungles—all the out-of-the-way places just made for whirlybirds."

"How aeronautically darling," she murmured. "Bags to match the gas tank. It makes me want to run away with you right now." Then she relaxed a little. After all, she has been my faithful copilot and map-holder for many thousands of miles in other craft. "I really wouldn't mind taking a trip with you sometime," she said, "but every time I see one of those things, I wonder what happens when the engine quits. Does it just fall out of the sky?"

"Tell us some of the really cool stuff you can do with a chopper," said my 9-year-old. "How does it feel to make one of those backward takeoffs?"

"Gee, I forgot to try," I said.

"Well, for Pete's sake, I thought that was what you went down there for."

He turned back to his TV show. **End**



9:00 A.M. — crew starts to use shanghaiing necessary), and is ready to launch. Sporty OMC Seasport control pedestal invites you to "Take charge!"



10:00 A.M. — girl overboard (on skis) — and just a load of the pick-up-and-go in that 98 hp OMC 488 stern drive as it steps into a plane in a matter of seconds!



HIGH NOON — hey! where'd the lunch come from? (Ans. It was there all along in the food chest. Seasport's roomy storage compartments and lockers hold rods, reels, rain gear, camping equipment — as well as food 'n' fud'n's!)



2:00 P.M. — an afternoon of fun ahead! Dig out the swim fins — swim out the diving masks — unlimb the fishing tackle and see what we can catch for supper! Optional OMC accessories such as cutting board, fish chairs and ice chest help a fishing fanatic bilge the Seasport to his likin'!



LIGHTS OUT — at night-fall OMC's camper top turns the whole shebang into a floating campsite. It's optional, as is a sun-and-shower-proof convertible top of white vinyl with front tonneau cover.

Escape the Humdrum... take the Seasport 'way out!

Fishermen, skin divers, skiers, weekend boaters — all think the Seasport was designed for them. And they're all right. Its roomy, uncluttered deck says "Action!" and every trim line invites you to sample a new concept of pleasure boating. Its unique hull design offers the speed characteristics of a 3-point hydroplane with twin sponson displacement smoothing out the ride. This hull won't tip on the tightest turn, won't list under a lopsided load, and built-in flotation makes it virtually unsinkable. **SEE THE FIVE NEW MODELS OF OMC BOATS. Write for FREE brochure!**

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Patents pending 



BASEBALL'S WEEK

AMERICAN LEAGUE



TOM CHENEY

The new motto of Washington Manager Mickey Vernon is "Let sleeping pitchers lie." Tom Cheney, Player of the Week, has long been a victim of jangled nerves and poor control. Last Friday he took an hour's nap during the first game of a doubleheader, awoke refreshed and calm to mow down the A's on three hits, one walk and no runs. Four days earlier he had defeated the Angels on

four hits. These wins followed a one-hit shutout against Boston—giving Cheney a 3-0 record and the glossiest earned run average imaginable: 0.00. In 27 innings he has walked just two men, not bad for a balding, sleepy right-hander too nervous to get the ball over the plate before.

TEAM OF THE WEEK "Aw, isn't that sweet," kidded Hank Bauer, once the Kansas City manager and now a Baltimore coach, when he saw the Athletics' new green-and-gold uniforms. Sweeter yet, for the Athletics and Pitcher Orlando Pena, was their 5-0 win over the Orioles. It put them in first place. Owner Charles O. Finley was so excited that he gave each player a \$50 bonus. Wayne Causey, playing only because regular shortstop Dick Howser had a slight injury and an even slighter batting average, hit .432 last week. Ed Charles batted .433. The rest of the team hit just .181 but, by combining the wholesome baseball trinity of spirit (Gino Cimoli likened it to that of the World Champion Pirates of 1960), fine pitching and timely hitting, they have been the biggest surprise in the league so far.

NATIONAL LEAGUE



FRANK HOWARD

Frank Howard of the Dodgers, Player of the Week, should also get a medal for bravery. For years he has tried to hit 90-mph pitches with 20/40 vision in his good eye and 20/60 in his left. He was second in the league in strikeouts last year, and his relations with fly balls were no better, particularly those appearing out of the L.A. smog. He once ignored the tune-honored "I got it" to yell

forlornly, "I'll try it." Last week Howard put on glasses and immediately whacked three home runs in four games, one beating the Braves with two out in the ninth. The only consistent Dodger hitter (team average .227), Howard was at .370, and things never looked better—or clearer.

TEAM OF THE WEEK "A lot of people think we're a power team," the Cardinals' Bill White said shortly before Ray Washburn shut out the Dodgers. "But we're really more a singles team. If our pitchers give up no more than four runs, we'll win any game." White knew what he was talking about. Last week the Cardinals became the most awesome road show around. From Pennsylvania to Texas to California they outscored the opposition 52-29. They made 90 hits, 71 of them singles. Twice they made 14 singles in a game. As a result, Cardinal hitters lead the league in hits and runs. The fielders lead in defense. The pitchers provided two more shutouts, one more two-hitter and four more complete games, and now they lead the league in shutouts, two-hitters and complete games, too. Also wins.

THE WEEK

	W	L	ERA	BA	R	HR	SB	DP
MINNESOTA	5	2	3.21	.238	32	7	1	8
KANSAS CITY	5	3	3.79	.240	37	3	7	4
NEW YORK	2	1	3.30	.258	19	4	2	3
BALTIMORE	4	3	1.85	.254	18	8	4	8
BOSTON	1	3	3.17	.217	28	13	2	6
LOS ANGELES	2	2	4.50	.239	28	1	2	2
CHICAGO	2	2	3.86	.187	9	2	0	3
CLEVELAND	2	5	3.82	.212	28	7	3	4
DETROIT	2	8	3.88	.257	37	8	2	4
WASHINGTON	1	2	3.81	.246	11	2	0	4

	W	L	ERA	BA	R	HR	SB	DP
ST. LOUIS	6	2	3.42	.299	52	9	2	8
PITTSBURGH	4	2	3.17	.272	30	4	1	8
LOS ANGELES	5	3	3.38	.285	42	11	9	3
NEW YORK	4	3	3.20	.254	31	5	1	14
MILWAUKEE	4	4	4.00	.252	42	10	2	7
PHILADELPHIA	3	3	4.87	.263	18	5	2	2
CINCINNATI	3	4	4.22	.211	39	2	1	8
SAN FRANCISCO	3	5	3.60	.243	30	7	5	4
CHICAGO	3	5	2.96	.313	31	4	2	6
HOUSTON	2	6	4.56	.296	22	3	8	5

THE SEASON

(through Saturday, April 27)

	BA		ERA		SB
BALT	Apocyn	.282	McHally	1.50	Barber 36
KC	Caskey	.400	Pena	2.25	Pena 21
NY	Joynt	.233	Terry	2.25	Terry 19
KC	Rubenson	.241	Whitson	0.90	Petrus 30
BOS	Toussaint	.351	Morehead	0.98	Morehead 37
LA	Wagner	.313	McBride	2.10	McBride 22
MILW	Alper	.326	Reard	1.80	Siljano 30
CLV	Garfield	.313	Bell	0.64	Twinn 15
DET	Kuhse	.319	Egan	1.67	Egan 19
WASH	Arden	.333	Cheney	0.00	Cheney 26

	BA	ERA	SO	
ST. L	Almon	.288	Briglio 0.82	Washington 30
PIT	Goodman	.300	Golden 0.00	Fingers 17
PHIL	Reade	.316	Snyder 1.65	Shaw 20
SP	F. Alou	.384	O'Dell 1.56	Sandert 23
LA	Howard	.380	Wilder 1.18	Reulack 23
PAL	Coveington	.352	Colls 3.62	McHally 28
CHI	Holby	.278	Bull 0.87	Jackson 25
CHI	Lawless	.423	O'Toole 1.84	O'Toole 26
ST	Goodman	.384	Jackson 2.90	Crab 17
HOUS	Springer	.279	Jackson 1.80	Farrall 21



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Dan River wash & wear fabrics**

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If you think the Grand Prix is just a big, beautiful, elegant car, you obviously haven't driven it.

Ignore the Grand Prix's urbane good looks for the moment. (Force yourself.) Consider, instead, what makes the car able to whisk from hither to yon in such effortless style. The standard engine, you see, is a Trophy V-8 of no less than 303 bhp, with other engines available that run up the scale to 370 bhp*. So that you'll know what your engine is up to, there's a tachometer on synchromesh-equipped GPs (replaced by a manifold vacuum gauge on Hydra-Mat® GPs). And then, to channel a GP's energy in the right direction, there's that straightener of winding roads (and great leveler of uneasy roads)—Wide-Track. Now think about those good looks. All the way down to —our Pontiac dealer.

*MSRP. Excludes tax, title, license, dealer fees.



GP
PONTIAC GRAND PRIX

YESTERDAY

by GEORGE WELLER

A noted news correspondent, fresh from a daring athletic triumph, encounters perhaps the world's meanest bartender



WELLER AND CHANNEL SWIMMER FLORENCE CHADWICK AT THE BOSPORUS

Anybody Here Ever Swim the Bosphorus?

If you happen to be in Istanbul, swim from Europe to Asia. It doesn't take more than half an hour of your time. All you need is a swim suit, a boat to get back and a few friendly witnesses. More or less inadvertently I swam the Bosphorus one autumn day in 1953. At the time, Florence Chadwick was in Turkey, getting ready to swim the Bosphorus—the strait connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmara—and the Dardanelles, which link the Sea of Marmara to the Aegean. Fred Zusy of the Associated Press and I drove out to the wedding-cake hotel by the Bosphorus where Florence was staying.

Zusy, who is built like a walrus but cannot swim, made a proposal: "You swim across and give me a good story. I'll pay for a motorboat, and Florence will come along for glamour," he said.

Florence acquiesced cheerfully, showing not a trace of annoyance that I was going to swim the Bosphorus ahead of her.

The water was rough that day and the sky was cloudy. A wild breeze scudded erratically across the gray-blue surface, whipping the contesting currents into a white chop. The Oriental beach seemed a long way off.

My backers took several pictures of me

in my bathing suit. Then they rowed out to a hired motorboat and waited for me to dive in.

Hearing me dive but seeing no sign of me, my supporters whirled in their seats. I had passed under them like a submarine, catching them unaware. "Start swimming," called Florence. Zusy cupped his hands and shouted, "And stay on the surface, will you?" He seemed fearful that he would lose me altogether.

I started to swim. I used the crawl, Florence's stroke for conquering the English Channel. The chop, every time I raised my head, kept cuffing me in the mouth. After about 40 strokes, punished for each breath by a wave in the face, I was puffing. To recover wind, I changed to the sidestroke.

When it seemed I must be nearly halfway to Asia, I decided to treat myself to a good long rest. I turned over on my back and floated shamelessly. Even when I floated into a whirlpool, I didn't care. I simply spun round and round, like a ball tossed into a roulette wheel.

This circular method of endurance swimming strained the morale of my backers considerably. I heard the launch draw near, its motor stifled to a quiet mutter. Fumes of gasoline drifted across

my face. "Hey, are you all right?" said a voice across the waters. I couldn't think of an answer, so I went on floating disdainfully southward, rotating smoothly, silent and detached, beyond struggle and beyond care. I sensed that my witnesses were not very happy with my performance, but I had ceased to care about their feelings.

I began to see that Asia was not, after all, quite inaccessible. A headland with a castle was coming up on my horizon. I swam toward this promontory as hard as I could. When I was very weary, I took another spin on my back among the comfortable whirlpools. When I looked again, I had floated past the headland, and the castle was traveling steadily north. I had lost my chance.

My backers saw that I had missed too and brought the launch in closer. But Florence was still smiling. "Never mind," she called. "Give me just 20 strokes more!" I did, and looked up to see what Asia now offered. Having missed the headland, I was presented with a stony Asian bay with some new villas, barred by a frothing cross-rip. "Fine, give me another 20!" shouted Florence. The 20 was only 16, but Florence didn't mind. She kept smiling. "Ten more!"

continued

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safer than ever,
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• Small boats built for BIG fun... that's the MIRRO-Craft line for seasonal '63! Eight terrific models, from the fabulous Ski 'n Troll, above, to an easy-to-own, easy-to-handle Economy Car-top. All the finest corrosion-resistant aluminum alloy. All designed over the same proved, sure-footed lapetrake hull.

Safe, seaworthy MIRRO-Craft are known as soft, quiet riders with high directional stability from lazy troll to blazing tow. No plowing, yawing, bobbing, whether light or loaded. Positive polystyrene flotation.

All models finished inside with non-glare, skid-proof paint. Exterior finish and equipment varies with each.

To get in on ALL the fun, get MIRRO-Craft! See your dealer, today. For illustrated folder, write

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Manitowoc, Wisconsin

The Bosphorus

It seemed a long, long time later when I noticed that the water under me was turning to stones, gray pebbles, the shore of Asia. Suddenly the shingle came up at me, hard, undeniable, real. My feet accepted my weight. Shakily I stood up on the slanting shelf, panting. I felt dizzy as I stumbled up the bank.

A few Turkish soldiers were washing their brown shirts in the shore water. I waved at them gaily.

A warm reception

Disembarking hard-won Asia without a pang, I waded out to the launch and was hauled aboard. The reception was generous. "Great! You were great!" said Zusy. Florence produced her best white bathrobe and wrapped it around me, murmuring, "Good swim, really." "Your time across the Bosphorus," said Zusy, "was 23 minutes 15 seconds."

Later that night Zusy and I drove out to a nightclub, run by an elderly Greek friend of his. The cloakroom was quiet, the girls had already gone home, and the drummer was unscrewing his cymbals. We bounced in, full of triumph. "Big night, Kosta," said Fred. "I brought you a hero for guest of honor."

"Hero? Which hero?" asked the Greek suspiciously. He was a small, wasted Byzantine, with a very cautious manner.

"You know what my friend here did today?" said Zusy, pointing to me. "Swam from Europe to Asia. How about that, hey?"

"From Europe to—" began Kosta in a puzzled way. It was clear that he smelled something illegal. Then his face cleared. "Oh, you mean he swam *à la* us." Across is a familiar Istanbul expression.

"Right across the Bosphorus," chorled Zusy. "And in less than half an hour. We want to celebrate."

The elderly Greek struggled to find some logic here but failed. Aware that he was disappointing us, he tried to be companionable. "I used to like to swim across too," he mumbled softly, getting out his keys to lock up the liquor for the night. "When I was younger, in my 60s. I was swimming across every day, almost." We looked at each other in unconcealed dismay. Zusy recovered first. "How did you get back?" he asked sharply.

"I swam," said Kosta. "How else? You think I would pay a whole ferry ticket? Just to get across, I would pay those robbers? Never!"

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

HASKETHALL—"It was great winning this event because everybody had counted us out as a bunch of old men," said Seamus Lough, Red Bull Aerobics, 45, who has BOLD (C) TICS won their fifth straight NBA title, 4 games to 2, downing the Los Angeles Lakers 112-109 before 15,331 fans in the Los Angeles arena June 23.

BOATING—Billed as "the most rugged ocean race in the world," the Miami-to-Nassau race was once again anything but (see page 22). After a 37-hour delay, Orlan Evans edged out the British to victory over a 164-mile stretch of pond-scooped ocean in 1 hour 29 minutes and 21 seconds, beating Johnny Jackson, who sailed 12 minutes and 30 seconds faster by a slim 1 minute 31 seconds.

With seven triumphs and two losses, **BRITAIN** carried off international dinghy team racing honors in Bermuda. The four-boat American team, which finished second with a 5-4 record, handed the British their only defeat but were beaten by them once when Skipper Don Foster, Dr. Stuart Walker and George O'Leary ended up in the drink, leaving only Gabe Foster upright on the water. Bermuda's defending champion Canada tied for third with 3-6 marks.

BOWLING—After 72 days the 60th American Bowling Congress Tournament came to a close with TOM HENNELLEY of St. Louis winning the elusive all-events title with a 1,999 total. The **CALIFORNIA BOWLER** of Los Angeles, who won the Class A men's championship, received a six-figure \$232 total.

BOXING—A new date, June 27, and a new place, Las Vegas, was set for the long-awaited world heavyweight championship return bout. The cast of characters remains the same.

FOOTBALL—The NFL said its 1961 championship game to NBC for \$928,000, the highest price yet paid for broadcasting rights in a one-day sports event. Meanwhile, the NCAA opted the highest bid from the list of all-around sports networks, and placed its annual championship game and the University of Georgia on probation, the first for two years, the second indefinitely, both for football infractions.

GOLF—In the \$30,000 Texas Open in San Antonio, 25-year-old PHIL RODGERS, expatriate insurance broker on the list 10 times, edged out a host of contenders to wind up with a 2nd total and \$4,300 for his first tournament win of the year. After having lost to Seve from behind in five matches, defending champion BILLY JOE PATTON easily defeated 36-year-old Bob Allen of Hartford, Conn., seven and six in the 36-hole final of the North and South Men's Amateur in Pomona, N.C.

HARNESS RACING—American horse finished one-two in the \$40,000 United Nations Turf at Yonkers, leaving only \$7,800 of the purse for Forest at Yonkers, leaving only \$7,800 of the purse for Forest at Yonkers.

Coming from seventh along the outside, **DUKE RODNEY** (56-70), with \$30,000 paid money without breaking distance, started past race leader Orator as well as a head. So Mad Lead finished third, had a length farther back, and followed \$7,300, 10-year-old Jockey and 36-year-old 8th respectively. Earlier, in the four-horse \$35,000 United Nations Consolation Turf, American owner Lester K. Brown (Hill) and Royal Pick triumphed easily to beat Russian entries Villa (Hill) and Zafodch.

HORSE RACING—Rehearsing for the Kentucky Derby, **NEVER BEND** breezed to an eight-length victory over Rex Ellsworth's Space Saver in the \$4,875 game made him the biggest money winner (\$302,444) ever to start in the Derby. And in Kentucky, with Crying Class seventh from the \$30,300 Blue Gators Stable (as well as the Derby), **CHATEAU** (54-60) talked after being overthrown in the stretch to win by a head over Goli Armand, who earlier the Derby Dan Frazier would not be getting around in Louisville (see page 18). At Ascot last year 1962 Derby entrant sent for a winner and only one, Pudge, finished in the same position as last. In the \$24,000 Grey Lag Handicap sponsored **SUNRISE COUNTRY** (61-70), who came in fifth at Louisville, edged sixth-place brother Cosmos Sates to win by 1 1/2 lengths. Cosmos Sates, yet to win on a New York track, finished 1 1/2 lengths ahead of Derby Winner Decade.

Money, the 1962 Preliminary winner, was fourth. A crowd of about 12,000 turned out to see JAY TRUMPFER take the stakes on last year's winner, Moscovite, in the Maryland Hunt Cup at Glyndon, Md. A 4-year-old filly at half-mile flat racing, Jay Trumpf edged both the spirit of the thing and the favorite at the 1 1/8 furlong and won by four lengths in the record time of 1:42.2 in the rugged four-mile maiden race.

LACROSBY—Jury Hilder of **JOHN HOPKINS** defeated home a hard shot with 15 seconds remaining to tie the Army from the underdog to the top. Navy's Madsen, with Pen (The Shot) Tait, punting in four goals, won Maryland 17-9 for their 15th straight victory in two years.

PAR AMERICAN GAMES—At week's end in San Paulo, results were much as expected—the youthful U.S. team earned 61 gold, 26 silver and 18 bronze medals, but with a week to go, the U.S. team was far from over (see page 20). On land, U.S. athletes were forging steadily ahead in almost everything but basketball and tennis. The men's and women's basketball teams moved into the final rounds, the track stars collected seven gold medals, although they suffered an embarrassing setback in the men's 800-meter dash, which was won by Cuba's Enrique Figueroa. In weight lifting, wrestling, judo, shooting and fencing the U.S. took more than a share of the gold medals. On the water the Yanks won so many events the *Los Angeles-Springfield* runner became

momentous. Paved by double winner Roy Sain in the 400- and 1,500-meter freestyle, the powerful U.S. swimmers won all of their events except the 100-meter in all but one, and spent most of the time trying to beat each other in the Pacemakers pool. In diving, Thomas D'Amico, who won the 10-meter second place in the games, beat Austria's Richard Gilsbott in the three-meter springboard competition, but the U.S. took the other three events. In rowing Canada's University of British Columbia took the men's eight but the U.S. won four of the remaining events. And with jacking still up in the air, U.S. skipper Pat Duane in the Flying Dutchman Class, Dick Swenson in the Star and Thomas Allen in the Lightning were all holding their own.

ROWING—The high-stroke winged duck from RAITZBURG, Germany pulled to a length victory over Columbia, which finished two lengths ahead of Pennsylvania, with Princeton last, in the Cudd Cup race on Carnegie Lake. Another outburst, Fred Forman outrowed the New York AC and Iowa College for the James W. Hughes Memorial Cup. In coxed pairs returned prominence of the Packard Trophy with a one-length triumph over Dartmouth.

TRAIL RIDE—"Four world records and unimpeachable news records were broken in the three major relay races that involved 10,000 participants from all over the country (see page 35). At the ERIE MOUNTAIN SAN ANTONIO RELAYS in Walnut, Calif., three of the four world records fell. After announcing his intention to break Rafe Johnson's 100-meter mark of 6.631 points, R. Yang did just that in the relay event with 6.504. So far, Yang's throw has helped him hit total up to 5,121 points. At Denver on the 100-meter relay, the U.S. team, which he broke the record 200 50g Sigs, the Arizona State coach of Mike Bunker, Henry Carr, Ron Freeman and Ute Winters cracked the mile relay with a 3:04.5 closing.

In Philadelphia, in the 60th PENN RELAYS, the country's oldest and largest relay event, Brian Stenberg, a slender 19-year-old sophomore from the University of Washington, won the 100-meter to break the world's pole-vault mark of 16 feet 10 inches. At the same time, the relay team of the University of North Carolina, which won the anchor leg, Fordham highlighted the relay by winning a five-mile race in which all six competing teams beat the record.

In Dec Moines on the 5th DRAKE RELAYS, Tom O'Brien made up yards in his one-mile anchor leg and carried Loyola of Chicago to a 9:30 9 meter record in the distance relay. The next day the slender anchor leg advanced a 20-yard deficit on a steady track to lead the Ravens to victory in the two-mile relay event. He was voted the meet's outstanding performer.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

18, 19—Mark Schaefer, Russell Lee, 20—Bud E. Smith, 24—AP, 25, 26—Harris Carroll, 28, 29—Mike Mulvihill, 30—James M. Smith, 31—Bob T. Smith, 32—Boris Kravtsov, 33—Lou Gehrig, 34—Morgan, 35—Clayton, 36—Clayton, 37—Boris Kravtsov, 38—Clayton, 39—Clayton, 40—Clayton, 41—Clayton, 42—Clayton, 43—Clayton, 44—Clayton, 45—Clayton, 46—Clayton, 47—Clayton, 48—Clayton, 49—Clayton, 50—Clayton, 51—Clayton, 52—Clayton, 53—Clayton, 54—Clayton, 55—Clayton, 56—Clayton, 57—Clayton, 58—Clayton, 59—Clayton, 60—Clayton, 61—Clayton, 62—Clayton, 63—Clayton, 64—Clayton, 65—Clayton, 66—Clayton, 67—Clayton, 68—Clayton, 69—Clayton, 70—Clayton, 71—Clayton, 72—Clayton, 73—Clayton, 74—Clayton, 75—Clayton, 76—Clayton, 77—Clayton, 78—Clayton, 79—Clayton, 80—Clayton, 81—Clayton, 82—Clayton, 83—Clayton, 84—Clayton, 85—Clayton, 86—Clayton, 87—Clayton, 88—Clayton, 89—Clayton, 90—Clayton, 91—Clayton, 92—Clayton, 93—Clayton, 94—Clayton, 95—Clayton, 96—Clayton, 97—Clayton, 98—Clayton, 99—Clayton, 100—Clayton.

FACES IN THE CROWD

STEPHEN BELL, 35, carried on a family tradition by serving as crew for Arthur Knapp Jr., 36, who won the Lochmont Yacht Club Dinghy Championship. Knapp won the same championship 21 years ago with Stephen's father Stanley, age 95, in crew.

ED RUTTON, the C. W. Post College lacrosse team goalie who leads the nation in saves with a 22.8 average, set a National Collegiate single-game record when he stopped all but nine of 57 shots aimed at him in a double-overtime tie with Adelphi College.

BERT THOMPSON, 26, of Dallas entered his first Southern Hunt Snipe Championship on nearby White Rock Lake in a boat he had been sailing for just over a month, beat 42 other entrants to become the first local sailor in seven years to win the event.

JOHN REESE, 19, of Hewlett, N.Y., and the University of Pennsylvania, a former New York State junior tennis champion and a member of a Junior Davis Cup team, received the Scripps Memorial award for sportsmanship on the junior eastern circuit.

MADELINE MYTA, 36, a senior at Fairleigh Dickinson, fought through 43 bouts without a loss to lead her team to victory and capture individual honors in the Women's Intercollegiate Fencing Championships, just as she had three years before as a freshman.

HARRY (Tiger) SMITH, 33-year-old professional bowler from St. Louis, stayed undefeated in seven matches to win the American Bowling Congress Masters Tournament. The win added \$4,400 to the \$5,000 he was five days earlier in Akron's pro tourney.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SECOND GUESSES

Sirs:

I want to add my two-cents' worth to the current National League balk controversy, which is excellently covered in your recent article, *Just a Second* (April 22).

If the National League officials are going to be so strict in enforcing this rule, why don't they enforce other rules which are known to be ignored? For instance, the shortstops and second basemen are given the benefit of the doubt as to whether they actually have possession of the ball when they contact second base on the double play. Also, first basemen often draw their feet off the bag before receiving the ball on ground-out plays. Yet nothing is done about enforcing these rules.

BILL GEORGE

Houston

Sirs:

What is this erry business of all of a sudden bringing back the balk rule? It was a silly thing to begin with, and there is no reason why it should be continued.

MERRIT BLOOM

Providence, R. I.

PENALTY

Sirs:

The transparent attempt on the part of Commissioner Rozelle to even up the NFL has made a mockery of the whole concept of justice (*Players Are Not Just People*, April 29).

If Rozelle believes that the football-loving public is addled enough to believe that two of the brightest stars on the two best teams in football are the only players guilty enough of betting to be suspended from playing, let him live in his dream world—but let him dream alone.

If Rozelle wants to punish everyone in the league proportionately to their wrongdoing, I am for it. He might have enough players left to start an interesting horseshoe league. But his pull-the-wool tactic of punishing only the Packers and Lions doesn't sit too well in this corner.

Let us get the impression that I favor point-shaving, throwing games and the general deterioration of American morals, let me say that the two major basketball scandals were apparently handled with equality, honesty and justice—and the people involved were fairly punished. But when it comes to deliberately running a man's professional life for making a side bet—for shame, for shame!

It's fine to carry a big stick, but isn't it

best to speak softly before clobbering somebody with it?

GEORGE BLAUGHER

Mt. Vernon, Ohio

Sirs:

The suspension of Paul Hornung and Alex Karras poses the question: Who is being penalized, the players or the fans?

E. F. BENTEL

Sunbury, Pa.

BALKIN RULE

Sirs:

I have been a loyal baseball fan since I can remember. It seems to me that baseball has become very tiring near the end of the year. I have always insisted that it was because of the slowness of the game, but David Balkin (19th Hole, April 22) set me straight when he said the baseball season is much too long. It would be much better if the teams played 16-game series with each other, beginning with about May 1 and ending with September 15. Scheduling more doubleheaders with less traveling—four-game series with each team would do this—would insure profits and less tiring seasons. Let's hope that someone tries it.

JOE L. SCHWAB

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Mr. Balkin hit the nail on the head when he said that today's baseball season is too long, and this is true in all major spectator sports. Performance suffers extensively, and the fans are the real losers. The length of the season must be curtailed. Turnouts such as last week's 968 at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field are an insult to a great game.

DAVID C. SCHMIDT

Dayton, Ohio

FRONT-YARD FISHING

Sirs:

It's great to have you cover Kona and Cabo Blanco and now the new Panamanian fishing ground (A Mob of Marlin in Panama, April 22), but U.S. waters need not take a back seat, even to Bimini. As I write this our Fort Lauderdale front-yard waters are yielding blue marlin in even more amazing numbers than usual.

Where else have 16 big blues (for blacks) been seen hanging after a day of fishing as they were here last November? Where else but here can a man finish a day on the job and, in a few minutes, be out hooking a 400-pounder? This is not to deprecate the new

spot in Panama. I hope to go there, too—but Fort Lauderdale is the No. 1 marlin-producing spot. The others may equal it someday, but they have yet to prove they can keep the production up!

JOHN W. STANTON

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

LOTUS BLOSSOMS

Sirs:

I enjoyed Kenneth Rudeen's article on the Lotus-Ford 1A *Heretic* with Great Expectations, April 15). Chapman and Ford have really come up with a wild machine for the Indianapolis "500." It's about time someone beat the Offy boys and their farm wagons with the horses still out in front. But building the fastest car is only half the battle. The last few attempts by outsiders to win the "500" have looked like publicity stunts. Dan Gurney will have to better his Sunday-driving performance of last year, those two-minute pit stops were ridiculous. However, if the Lotus-Ford team is really in earnest, they should put the Offenhauer in a museum with the rest of the dinosaurs.

PETE DORNBRONK

Milwaukee

SIXTH PLACE

Sirs:

I don't know whether Mr. Robert H. Clark (19th Hole, April 22) was trying to give everyone a good laugh or whether he is just some kind of nut. In any case, to say the Yankees would finish with behind clubs like Pittsburgh, St. Louis or Cincinnati is absurd. That would be like saying the Boston Celtics would finish third or fourth in the other division, the Western. Maybe Mr. Clark ought to look at the World Series records over the last 10 years.

BEN HAMILTON

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

The Yankees are champions because of two things: 1) they are a team supported by balance and material and 2) they have shown that they can eliminate teams from a league no doubt stronger than their own but a league which can claim no one team is perennially powerful as the New York Yankees.

JOHN D. REED III

Nashville, Tenn.

Sirs:

Some people have nerve!

KUN EISEN

Arlington, Va.

continued

instructive

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1. THE MASTER TEACHES THE TEACHERS by Walter Bingham, reported on Charles Goren, who regularly brings to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers the counsel, no less witty than wise, of bridge's greatest players, foremost writer and go-between instructor. 31, JUNE 25, 1962

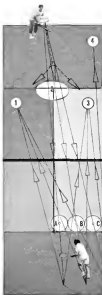
2. THREE TIPS FROM THE OPEN CHAMPION by Jack Nicklaus right after his victory in the 1962 Open. His regular series of golf tips in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED takes an entirely fresh approach by balancing strategy against the shotmaking aspects of the game. 31, JUNE 25, 1962

3. THE STRATEGY OF SINGLES by William F. Talbert, all-time tennis great and since 1954 a contributing editor to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, told how to play the game and emphasized how to win it. 31, JUNE 4, 1962

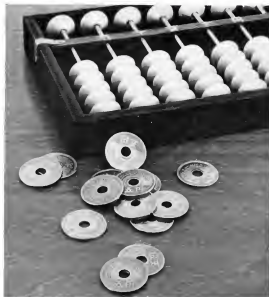
4. TEN SECRETS OF BOWLING by World Champion Don Carter, illustrated by Anthony Rinaldi, was an analysis in detail of the scientific style of the sport's greatest figure. 31, SEPTEMBER 18, 1962

5. TEACH YOUR CHILD TO SWIM by the University of Michigan's late and celebrated coach, Matt Mann, presented in three parts his simple and direct method for launching children safely into water. 31, JUNE 27, 1960

6. GIL McDOUGAL ON THE ART OF IN FIELDING — appeared in a five-part series, later published as a book, which included Sal Maglie on Pitching, Ray Evers on Hitting, Del Crandall on Catching, Richie Ashburn on Outfielding. 31, MAY 5, 1958



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19TH HOLE *continued*

SHADOWS

Sirs:

In your Baseball Issue (April 8) you said Orlando Cepeda felt hurt because 1) he played under the shadow of Willie Mays and 2) he didn't have the recognition of the other Latin players. If I remember correctly, another "petty fair country ballplayer" by the name of Lou Gehrig had the same problem. He played not only under the shadow of Babe Ruth but also Joe DiMaggio. But this didn't stop him from compiling a great record as a team player. If Orlando Cepeda would start playing for the Giants instead of for Orlando Cepeda Inc., both he and the team would profit twofold.

RICHARD KYLES

San Martin, Calif.

ROUGH AND READY

Sirs:

Tom Brody's baseball write-up on the new rookies (*Rookies, Rookies Else*) where, April 15) fails to mention John Buzeman, 20, and Rusty Staub, 19, of the Houston Colts. These youngsters are two of the very best rookies in the big leagues. Do you have something against Houston?

Last year the Colts finished two notches ahead of all predictions and had one of the best pitching staffs in the National League. So please, come on, tell everybody the Colts had a great beginning in the tougher National League.

CHUCK TAIT

Houston

Sirs:

Rusty Staub was able to move right into the middle of the batting order for the Colts after being out of Levee High of New Orleans only one year. As for his fielding, you only need to ask the San Francisco Giants. There is something wrong with a writer who omits a rookie who is one of the best hitters on his club.

KEN NORTH

Metairie, La.

Sirs:

Tom Brody goes a little far when he refers to Pete Ward of the White Sox as being the "son of one of the roughest hockey players of his day."

Jimmy Ward of the old Montreal Maroons was a fast-skating, highly competitive right winger in the 1930s, but to call him a block buster is to carry imagination beyond reasonable bounds. Perhaps Mr. Brody does not know that Jimmy, who was built on small, compact lines, played for the Maroons at a time when the National Hockey League had such "blockbusters" as Eddie Shore, Ching Johnson, Taffy Abel, Red Horner and Lionel Conacher.

W. D. KELLY

Vancouver, B.C.



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